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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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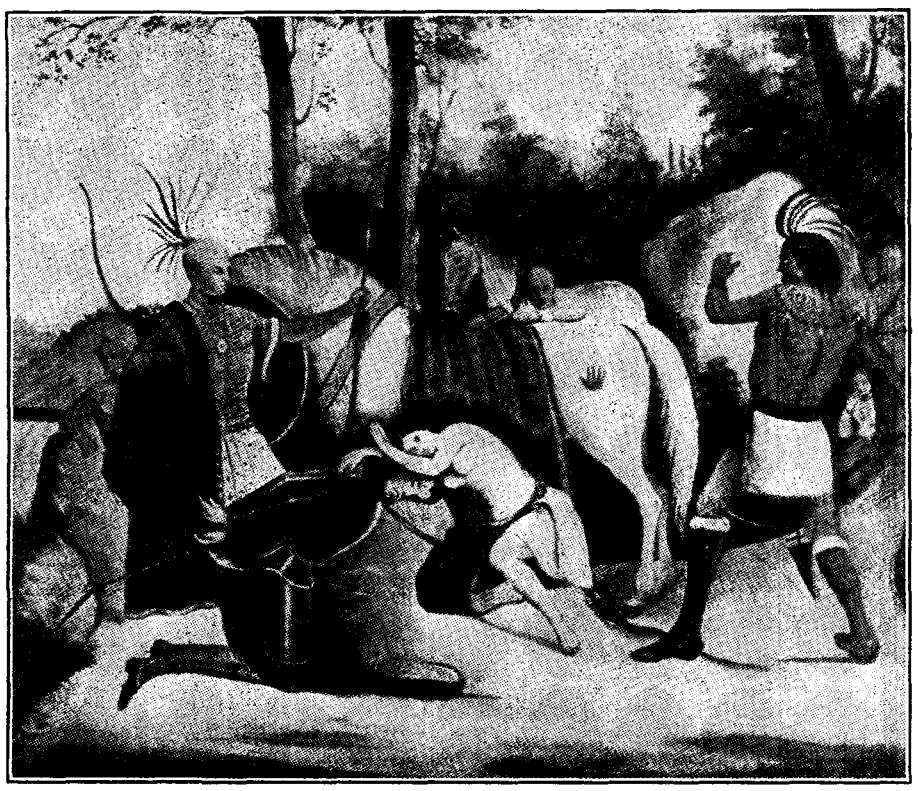

POCOHONTAS SAVING CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.
From "American Folk Art" (Norton).

Magazines Are Human

MAGAZINES are like all those structures which man erects to shelter his sensitive body and his active wits. They are like houses, which so often acquire personalities of their own quite different from what their architects intended, and different, too, in a queer, half-human way, from the personalities of those who live and love in their cubby holes.

Books are born with all their traits and often die with, and of, them. Magazines acquire personality slowly, shaping themselves in a queer, uncontrollable fashion to fit the minds of their readers —not, to be sure the minds which readers would call their own, but some more essential psychologies made up of unconscious prejudices and unguessed wants mingled with conscious tastes and desires. Hence the finished magazine is a created being that may have no soul but certainly possesses a mind of its own and a personality. It steps out into society, seeking its place and responding to its environment, and a social historian could describe it as if it were animate.

The New Yorker, for example. *The New Yorker* is like one of those perky little maisonettes set in the façade of a vast apartment house, and grinning up at pretentiousness and absurdity. It stands on its own threshold watching the doorman handing incredible women out of limousines, rolling under its tongue what may be happening in the pent house, winking at the children sliding on the asphalt, and batting an eye at the super-tenement across the street in whose windows New York is living its private life in public. It is bourgeois itself or it could not enjoy these delightful absurdities, and it has the bourgeois qualities of good sense and belly laughter, but refined by a quick-moving intellect and ripened into that best of all provincialism which sees itself against a backdrop of the world. No aristocratic magazine can be published in America, —and carry advertising. *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* are proof. The mixture of snobism and familiarity which distinguishes expensive advertising, and the shameless display of would-be aristocrats selling

(*Continued on page* 436)

Lady Into Facts

POCAHONTAS. By DAVID GARNETT. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by BRANCH CABELL

THE author of "Lady into Fox" is not the first Englishman to be beguiled by King Powhatan's best known daughter. As all good Thackerayans will remember, Sir George Esmond Warrington also (shortly after his runaway marriage with Miss Theo Lambert, and no great while after his well merited success with "Carpezan") attempted a tragedy upon the same theme. Such Thackerayans will recall likewise that, in its opening and only performance, at Drury Lane Theatre, with the bewitching Pritchard in the title role, Sir George's "Pocahontas" failed flatly — here one quotes the playwright's own rueful admission—on account of its "actual *fidelity to history*."

I note in this fashion these facts because, in the first place, Mr. Garnett has followed Sir George Warrington both in theme and in historical excess; and because, in the second place, I really do wonder why the involved bit of my own family's history should have been thought worthy of such careful adhesion, by either author.

Through no apparent fault of hers, my cousin Pocahontas has been made, if not the first, at least the first feminine member, of that tinseled and flimsy line of humbugs which keep gaudy, and which render ever popular, the approved history of a republic peculiarly partial to humbugs. All the great-grandchildren of Macaulay's every schoolboy know the circumstances of my cousin's romantic rescue of Captain John Smith from the bludgeons of my uncle Powhatan. And that is quite as it should be, inasmuch as, upon this ever memorable occasion, the conduct of Pocahontas was of a cast so noble as to evoke one's honest regret that Pocahontas should never have heard about it—any more, of course, than did Columbus ever hear about the discovery of America, or George Washington about his cherry tree, or Barbara Fritchie about her flag waving.

I speak here, as becomes a Virginian, with marked reluctance. Not willingly

(*Continued on page* 435)

Message and Middlebrow

By MARGARET WIDDEMER.

EVERY year after the Pulitzer Awards are given a low voice or two murmurs, usually with a certain meekness, that it's a little odd about the book and play prizes. Mr. Pulitzer, it seems, made certain rules having to do with ideals in American life, or what have you. And while the awards are made with all due effort to crown literary merit, the clause about the American ideals has been lost somewhere along the road. I took my own personal doubts in all humility to the best critic I knew.

"Each award," he pronounced, "must be based on artistic merit, not passing moralities."

The end of his sentence interested me in itself.

"You mean that morality," said I, pinning him, "is out?"

"Today," said the critic austerly, "there is only left us the biologic viewpoint. . . . Joyce, Lawrence, Hemingway. . . ."

I interrupted the litany so swiftly that he had scarcely time to unfold his hands.

"But if they have taken morality out of literature, why have they left so much immorality in?" I asked, conscious as I spoke that I sounded like a common or garden-club reader, or—worse—was being flippant.

"You cannot discuss art in terms of morality or immorality," he said.

Logically, of course, he was right.

"But actually, the reading public *does* discuss art—or at least its literary end—in those terms," I said apologetically.

"I suppose by the reading public you mean the sort of clubwoman who comes up and asks you for your Message before the lecture," said he with no note of apology at all.

Of course that clubwoman does exist—how many of her! She informs the club, beaming above the massed orchids on her violet velvet bosom, "Our lecturer has come to bring you a Message. . . ." But in one point my scornful friend was right. The club audience and its husbands, taking it by and large, *is* pretty much the reading public.

For unless we take the tabloid addict class as the norm, or the tiny group of intellectuals, what *is* the reading public but the public that reads; the men and women, fairly civilized, fairly literate, who support the critics and lecturers and publishers by purchasing their wares? And they are not highbrow or lowbrow; they are middlebrow. They are the group whose mores were to be found in the excellent second-rate novels of that shameless Victorian time which was so sure of itself that it betrayed what it really thought and felt about books and life and steam engines and everything in the world.

Now the middlebrow novel, where minor and sometimes major if unacknowledged popular mores are kept, flies in amber, is always with us. It is not written, like the work of the giants, *sub specie æternitatis*. I have learned more of the actual conventions and ideas of the Victorians from such as Amelia B. Edwards, Dinah Maria Mulock, Miss Braddon, and Wilkie Collins than from everything George Eliot ever wrote.

It followed that it could still be done. I began with young women, requesting to be led to their favorite writers. The first book I was given had the following plot:

Laura, the usual heroine of fiction—that is, one with courage, beauty, charm, education, feeling, sincerity, and humor — came to New York and surveyed Love and Marriage. The book was done with vividness and honesty, but I found that from the beginning of the story all the characters imposed on themselves an unfair burden. They felt constrained to keep the pose of adolescent nonchalance stiffly still in the years when they were fighting actual life. Of course, as they were emotionally inexperienced, their intellectual attitudes got them no comfort. Instead of thinking in youth's normal way that there was a glorious meaning to life and they were God's little pet lambs they either denied life *any* meaning with disproportionate bitterness, or tried with the agony of lost puppies to discover it in the intervals of affairs and speakeasies.

Now trying to discover the Meaning of Life is a job which should be left to quiet, elderly gentlemen. The young bring to the gamble too much real money and too little skill. The only contribution to the Meaning of Life in this particular book was Laura's shocked discovery that hard, selfish people get on better than sensitive, unselfish ones.

The characters suffered as much as every young generation; but they had lost all armor against pain beyond the casual speakeasy. Something had indeed made them believe they must be biologic; but with as much romantic love to give, they found nowhere to spend it except the casual bed. They were bound by the terms of some unspoken contract with their kind and the world to suppress all natural silly *joie de vivre* in favor of a wry satire which gave them no emotional release; they tried for a tremendous, unfettered drive at life, but they denied themselves any target. They had no resources, in short, beyond

This Week

IN MEMORIAM — RICHARD WATSON GILDER.
By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

"NAPOLEON."
Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT.

"THE GERMAN PHOENIX."
Reviewed by WILLIAM HARLAN HALE.

JAN WELZL.

"LOG OF THE SEA."
Reviewed by ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT.

"GOD'S LITTLE ACRE."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"ERIE WATER."
Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER WARD.

"IN TRAGIC LIFE."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"THE ESKIMOS."
Reviewed by VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

"MASTERS OF THE CHESSBOARD."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DOOLITTLE.

"BIOGRAPHY."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

THE FOLDER.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR POWER."
Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN.

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those of the primitive Saxon; drink, sex, and suicide.

They nevertheless had not managed to escape a sentimentalism beyond any Victorianism, and a hysterical extravagance beyond any Elizabethan. The climax of the story was the heroine's being pulled out of her determination to commit suicide after the man she loved had done the same thing. What saved her was the information (which did not seem to me entirely apposite) that the young man had really enjoyed a night with her and killed himself rather than drop below the standard he had set; his life-plan having been posited on Giving Beauty.

I could not help feeling that the older way of handling such problems as that of this young man had less violent results. You remember how the family stories used to go. . . .

> . . . So Cousin Minnie went to her mother. And her mother went and had a quiet little talk with Cousin Frank. And everything straightened out nicely, and little Henry was born about a year later. . . .

As for the heroine of my particular novel, she ended by crying out, "His body was a landscape and his knees were the mountains!" This relieved her mind.

My middle-aged shriek of laughter shocked my young adviser.

"But it isn't funny," she said reverently. "We all of us read her because she shows you the way life *is*."

"Not for the style?"

"Oh—oh, of course. But life," reiterated my young guide, firm for the Message, "*is* like that!"

I tried recommended books by and about other modern young women. The heroines I investigated had, as the literature of the folk needs must, an invariable beauty and charm; they had also nearly as invariable a Message. You were bound to keep physically active. You must be apt in hard-noted mocking retort above your breaking heart. You must allow men to invent the rules, which were usually love-and-ride-away, and take it and like it. It was excusable to be mannerless, nearly necessary to one's standing to be moral-

rimes were bad health
feelings, except in drink
(I should except Nancy
nt: her heroines some-

times have a way of being furtively pure.)

But none of the girls were portrayed as having any *actual* capacity for casualness in love. They remembered, wept, were broken body and soul in a way that would have taught Lucy Ashton and Clarissa Harlowe tricks. The only differences were that the breaking heart came after instead of before what used to be called giving All. Ursula Parrott's books might bear for invariable motto, "When lovely woman stoops to folly—" Viña Delmar's girls only differ in being sufficiently tougher to go on living, after having been unappreciatedly generous with everything from cash to their good names.

As for various young women writing for a less popular audience—Norah Hoult, Rosamond Lehmann, Claire Spencer—they too bore a message about the way life *is*. You wanted love and faith and honor—and all you got was a chance to drive yourself over the cliff or retire to the country and try to forget men.

So I proceeded to get the view on life of all these chronic young riders-away and gallant young drunkards I'd been reading about.

Now young men, taken year for year, are more naïve and less expedient than young women. They begin by thinking more of producing the Great American Novel than of earning a living. Their books, therefore, proved more imitative of the great. A course in them was a little like reading a series called either The Hemingway Boys in the South; the Hemingway Boys in Harlem; the Hemingway Boys in The Ghetto; or William Faulkner in Paris; William in the Brothel, William in the Morgue, etc. There were also very disillusioned books about college; the narrowness of professors, and principally the perfidy of college widows.

Imitative books copy, of course, only the mannerisms of their examples. Hemingway is not admirable because of any view, good or bad, that he takes of life, but by earnest excellent English in which he cries out life's purposelessness. Likewise, Faulkner's sadism is not what makes him admirable, but the fury and vitality with which he *insists* upon it. The Young Faulkners and the Hemingway Boys were purposeless in slipshod English and sadistic with a squeak. But they, and their examples, agreed in being even bitterer about the girls than about the Way Life Is. Perhaps the most complete Message about young women is Faulkner's flapper in "Sanctuary"; a bitterly perfect picture of a hard, cheap, cowardly, stupid little oversexed thing. But the Boys have drawn dozens more or less like her. They

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

all wanted something the opposite of her and they were furious because it couldn't be found. Somebody, then, steadfast, tender, high-minded, brave, unselfish, devoted. In other words, a young lady, variously named Agnes Copperfield, Isoult le Gai, Leora Arrowsmith, Patient Griselda, Emmy Sedley; the old-fashioned romantic heroine. They were as bitter over the lack of her as the girls over the loss of their Knight-Come-Riding.

"That," said the young men offering me novels by their contemporaries and themselves, "is what life's like. That's why we read them."

They had been told prematurely that Life wasn't all Griseldas and skittles. They were thinking morosely of second story windows.

Still unpersuaded that the passion for the Message had gone with moralism, I turned to the investigation of novels for the middle-aged middlebrows.

The novels the middle-aged men read were like snakes in Ireland. Sometimes their wives managed to force a Book-of-the-Month on their notice, but taking it by and large they read biographies and detective stories, with an occasional defiant retreat into Dickens and Thackeray. They were also reading unashamedly at the moment Mr. Young's optimistic, altruistic, "A Fortune to Share." They had become sufficiently sophisticated to be deprecating over its lack of style, but, said they, "it had something you needed." But then the American gentleman of middle age has always been a byword and a hissing as regards art anyway, so I turned to the mass of the reading middle-aged women.

These had, of course, such books on the living-room table as their literary station in life demanded. They discussed them in nearly the native woodnotes wild of their excellent Current Literature lectures. They therefore talked well about Style and Art and Technique; but they also took books out of the lending library. So I went to the lending library and inquired. The keeper of the nearest had a Scandinavian frankness.

> If the ladies say, "I want something highbrow in Prose," I always know what to give them. I give them books about prostitutes, and—you know—queer people. They want books about Madames and Houses and Wells of Loneliness and Pansies. It makes them feel educated.

And I am afraid that is the amount of the Message which the middlebrow ladies have received from the entrepreneurs of art and the biologic viewpoint. Even in the frank century of Sheridan things were a little different: Lydia Languish felt compelled to "fling 'Peregrine Pickle' under the toilette, throw 'Roderick Random' into the closet, put the 'Innocent Adultery' into the 'Whole Duty of Man,' and thrust 'Lord Aimworth' under the sofa," when her aunt impended. Today, Lydia and her aunt sit on the sofa together, reading the modern prototypes of the same books as an intellectual duty — or thinking they think so.

Human nature being what it is, most of them don't find it hard. But there are still gentle souls who, while they desire to do what is literarily proper, still find these waters a little muddy and disconcerting. I recall a lecture I gave once in which I recommended thinking for one's self. I pointed out fervently that it was useless for my hearers to read, or refrain from reading, books merely because they were told to. Afterwards I was approached with gratitude by a gentle lady.

"I want to *thank* you," she breathed. "Now that you've *told* me I may think for myself, I won't ever have to read D. H. Lawrence again!"

But she said it softly; the Chairman of Literature was near.

This year the Message is not quite so biological, owing to the fact that the depression has shortened the middlebrow's capacity for taking literary punishment. We are like the man in "Ninety Three":

"Do you believe in God?" "Sometimes—when I am afraid."

Charles Morgan's "The Fountain," like its predecessor, Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," has given the frightened middlebrow mind a permit to accept the possibility of spiritual values. "The Bridge" stated the validity of unselfish love. "The Fountain" goes further, and shows us an unexceptionable young English intellectual occupied—part of the time—with the quest of the contemplative life. It is a book sufficiently beautiful in style to make the American critics sing with joy. The middlebrow mind has reached for it gratefully, theoretically for this reason; actually exactly as it has reached for "The Good Earth": for something constructive still existing in a world of shaken values.

But there is another underlying theme in "The Fountain," which, I am willing to wager a good deal, is going to be the Message a majority of imitators, if not readers, extract from it. Many little "Fountains" are going to spring up, rather sticky in their soulfulness, but very concrete in their description of young gentlemen violating their hosts' hospitality and their own honor, and very firm in their conviction of the spiritual beauty of temporarily stealing your neighbor's wife.

Oddly enough, this idea is also the climax to another of this year's popular books, the amusing if amerophobe "Peking Picnic." The moral code of its heroine is exactly that of the "The Fountain."

"I haven't been a faithful wife," says Laura in effect to her aspirant, "and I don't see why I should be. But my poised nobility prevents anything permanent or big enough to break my marriage for. If you feel that your love for me is wonderful enough to match this, and on thinking things over I decide I like you, we'll arrange matters when you get back from your trip."

Of course, even granted our still Colonial humility before our old literary gods the English, two English best sellers speaking in chorus do not presuppose a code. Yet they may do something toward it. It is not a new code in England, if one might believe Elinor Glyn. One didn't believe Elinor Glyn. She gave her passionate puppets no more valid excuse for their preposterous speeches about noble-minded adulteries than class arrogance, or a pseudo-naive Edwardian naughtiness. The newer books are another matter; they are, our masters tell us, literature. And literature is a word to conjure with today. *Le snobisme* has been driven from superior piety and superior manners to this, its last stand. All Mr. Morgan's charm of style, and vitality of thought, all Miss Bridge's delicately sharp word painting and ironic pseudo-detachment, are behind their intellectualized amoralities. And the middlebrow mind, which was bullied but not quite convinced by the frank lust and plain speaking of the Ulyssean school, turns to drawing-room and library amorals with the relief of a tidy lady who *must* travel the correct road, but would rather emerge with her slippers neat.

But this, I am objected to, is improperly confusing ethics and art.

That is exactly what it is doing. That is what the middlebrow readers, the ordinary civilized bookbuyers and renters, will do to the end of literary time. They can be cowed by the perfectionist critics—they have been, indeed. They will say, like a lady I remember, "I read all the reviews of the best books, so I know exactly what to think."

Of course, literary trends are at the mercy of their times. Fifteen years ago the war propaganda stung us to a high romantic belief in ourselves. In the katzenjammer after the Armistice we went to the other extreme, and we continue to feel that the acceptance of constructive emotion is intellectually immoral. Wars and changes have made wars and changes in current mores. The rules which in stable times carry the majority comfortably are off. In this *bouleversée* world, where Art—or technique, if you like—that last fortress to fall—remains nearer static than the rest of the standards, Art or technique is in the saddle, dictator. Art, as the Philistines, not to speak of Plato, always observed, is a dangerous guide for the mass. Art has always had to be without concern for any standards but its own.

Well, they weathered a minor chaos in Goethe's day, and we shall probably weather this, one way or another. If you can call weathering it what is most likely to happen; the uprising of a new generation of youthful moralists, stern, narrow, and literal, who will sweep the mild liberalism of us gentle Jacobins who never quite float with any tide, and the whole-hog biological viewpointers, into the same wastebasket. It is reasonable to look forward to a day when the older Middlebrows will say with Hannah More,

"I read books aloud when a young lady which I would blush to peruse now in the solitude of my chamber."

It will be uncomfortable for us, the aged. It certainly will not be unmitigated Art. But the middlebrow mind, the majority reader, will at least be able to find her Message unashamedly in the middle of her books, instead of going behind the door.

In Memoriam---Richard Watson Gilder

By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

"Leave me my dreams"—*Gilder.*

LAMENTED dreamer! Who thy dreams should know
Save I, the happy comrade of thy side
For longer years than Shelley did abide
In this undreamful world? I knew the glow
Of those soft eyes—so like the gentle doe—
And thy quick heart's response of knightly pride
On seeing Art defended, Wrong defied,
Thy lance-like pen poised ever toward the foe.

Ah, Shelley should have lived to share with thee
Thine alpine aspirations, thy disdain
Of obloquy in service of the race,
Thy visions imaged in high poetry.

* * * *

Melodious Muse of Grief! Take Ariel's place
And our lost dreamer mourn in Adonaic strain!

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New Napoleons

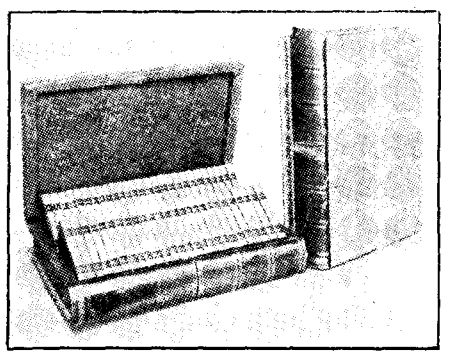
NAPOLEON. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1932. $4.
NAPOLEON. By JACQUES BAINVILLE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

NO year is complete without a study or two of Napoleon. This season has already seen two, and neither of them without merit. That one of the new biographies should come from the indefatigable Mr. Belloc can hardly be termed a surprise in itself, nor are there many surprises within it to startle the admirers either of Napoleon or of the author. It is a new length from the old cloth; the warp and the woof are as strong as ever. It is fortunate that Mr. Belloc's talent for vigorous narrative gives a racy vitality to all his books. Otherwise, his ubiquitous argument, his thundering paradoxes, and his partisan belligerence might grow wearisome. He scolds and he flatters; he distorts and he dogmatizes, until the reader is almost driven to give up any interest he may have in the facts and to devote himself solely to an understanding of Mr. Belloc's whims and caprices. But with all these stormings the burly narrative usually triumphs.

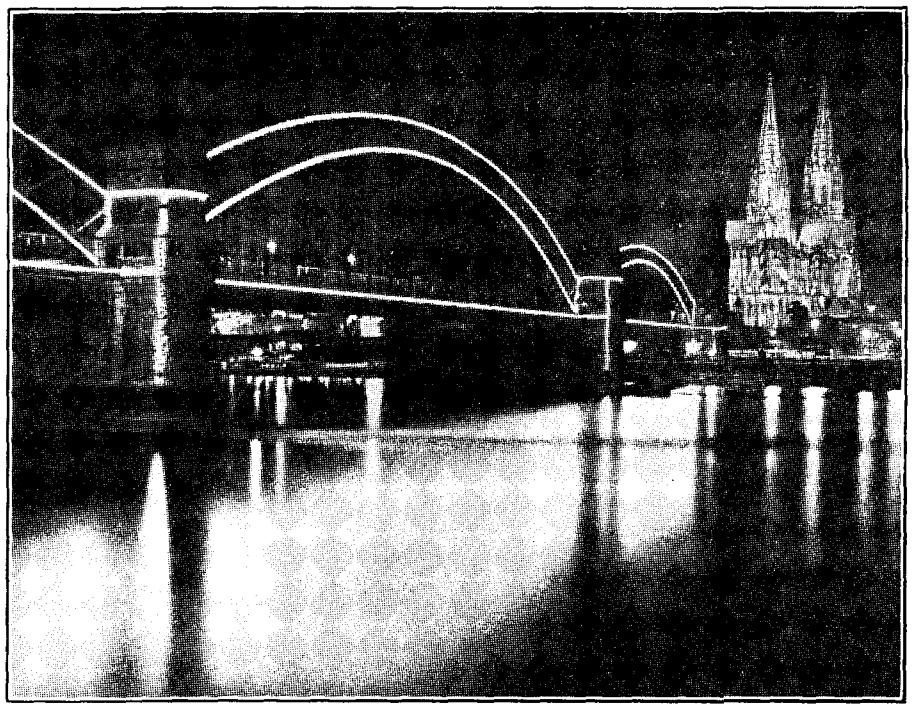
This is peculiarly true in this book. All the chips on the shoulder are paraded and defended in a long introductory essay on the career of Napoleon in general, its importance and its tragic significance. If only he had been in the end successful, how much a later Europe would have been spared. The Federation of the World might indeed have been a reality. But Napoleon's great defect lay in his incapacity for just dealing with the church, and thereby came, not precisely his fall (other factors aided that), but his failure to weld together a new civilization out of the variable states of a disorganized Europe. When once these opinions have been aired and debated with the Bellocian gusto, then the book settles down to a semi-discreet presentation of the facts. There is no effort to achieve completeness; instead, the rise and fall of the Emperor are treated in a series of episodes, each very explicit and dramatic, the full effect of which is to give the reader a rapid, vivid, cinematic spectacle of a staggering epic struggle.

M. Bainville's book is a more pedestrian piece of work, less tense, less prejudiced, less blustering, and much more minutely informative. It is a calm, rational examination of Napoleon the man, who was a human being before and while he was a hero, and whose deeds and the motives behind them were not, except perhaps in scope, unlike those of other men. M. Bainville is never lured into worship. He is too critical for that, too much the judge. His curiosity explores all the pertinent facts; his aloofness presents them in the right proportions. Without being iconoclastic, he is never unconscious of the feet of clay. If he dwells most impressively upon the earthy littlenesses, it is because he believes them necessary to the truth. Unlike Mr. Belloc he has no thesis to prove. He merely desires to present, as accurately and completely as diligence and scholarship will permit, not the Napoleon of romantic legend, but the Napoleon of very mundane flesh and blood.



NAPOLEON'S TRAVELING LIBRARY.

A large number of the volumes of Napoleon's travelling libraries which accompanied him on all his campaigns are now being exhibited in Berlin by the bookdealer, Martin Breslauer. Books which he had read but did not like were thrown out of the travelling coach by Napoleon and picked up by his pages.



BRIDGE AND RAILROAD STATION AT COLOGNE AT NIGHT.
From a photograph by Heinz Sangermann reproduced from "Das Deutsche Lichtbild, 1932."

From the Ashes

THE GERMAN PHŒNIX: The Story of the Republic. By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1933. $2.50.

By WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

POLITICAL and social upsets in Germany follow each other so quickly that it seems almost futile to try to catch up with them in books. Yet the first month of 1933 has brought two volumes on the subject, both written by American journalists in a tone of high authority. They offer the calm of a dispassionate survey in the midst of chaotic events.

The first, Edgar A. Mowrer's "Germany Puts the Clock Back," dealt exclusively with German politics, and specifically with its personages; it was pointed up to the current reactionary movement and described what Mr. Mowrer sees as the collapse of the Republic. The second, Oswald Garrison Villard's "The German Phœnix," is a more general analysis of the state of the nation. Although concerned primarily with the crucial political changes that have taken place since the Revolution, the book gives a generous amount of space to German education, art, journalism, and private life.

Mr. Villard is, as one would expect, a passionate champion of the Socialist Germany that emerged from the ashes of the 1918 ruin. He regards the Revolution, with its overthrow of castes and privileges, as the common German's recovery of his rights. The Republic, which seemed destined to such a surety of existence until the nationalist wave of 1930 swept in, he regards as a blessing to the German peoples. Mr. Villard raises a great alarm as he sees the Republic now falling into an eclipse; but he does not believe, as Mr. Mowrer does, that it is definitely on the skids. With all that fervent pleading which one associates with his organ, the *Nation*, Mr. Villard hopes for a recovery of the embattled Social-Democracy.

Here lies the force of the book; and here also its fault. In his dismissal of the old monarchic rulers of Germany, and his indignation against the new nationalist rulers, the author has a tendency to divide all Germany into white sheep and black sheep. His first chapters, which describe the evolution of modern Germany, tend to make every Imperial office-holder into a bungler, every Hitlerite or militarist into a villain, and every Republican or Socialist into an enlightened reformer. Mr. Villard credits the half-baked revolutionaries of the Weimar Assembly with considerably more genius than they showed; he plays down the fact that these Eberts and Scheidemanns prepared their own eventual ruin by compromising at every turn with the old-fashioned order. Even Stresemann, the greatest man of the Republic, was thrilled to the core when he could associate himself with the Crown Prince. But Mr. Villard tends to overlook the vacillations and weaknesses of the leaders of the Republic; above all, he does not recognize the tremendous hold which the past of Germany has exerted even on the most radical of its minds.

Mr. Villard always looks hopefully for a national life of reason; and he seems rather helplessly outraged when hard, inevitable reactions, such as the new militarist movement in Germany, carry the scene. His tendency is to stand aside and denounce: the Versailles Treaty is always "wicked," the stupidities of this monarchist or that nationalist are always "incredible." The argumentative force of the book is materially weakened when one comes across such captious dismissals as "our all but wholly reactionary United States" or the easy, brash conclusion that "the world economy of today is being conducted along insane lines." There are stronger forms of criticism than such vituperation.

But when some of the highly tendencious passages are discounted, the book appears as a first-rate inquiry into the government, the social institutions, and the specific problems of Germany. Mr. Villard's investigations, conducted over a period of many years, have been thorough and sympathetic; an exact scholarship buttresses his points. His answer to Garet Garrett's unscrupulous charges, in "Other People's Money," of German dishonesty and deception in the financial dealings with the Allies, is a masterpiece of refutation. He traces exactly the rising tax burden of the nation, the great budget economies which have been effected in the face of a mounting dole, and the courage and public-mindedness of the Reich's financial policy. Mr. Villard offers a thorough-going analysis of the agrarian situation and reveals the dangerous subventions which the government must dole out to its East-Prussian masters, the wealthy and perpetually "suffering" landlords.

Perhaps best of all of Mr. Villard's descriptive chapters is the inquiry into the process of socialization since the Revolution. Few Americans know the enormous part which the German government plays, indirectly as shareholder, directly as manager, of the national industries. Of course, practically all transportation lines are government-owned; the *Reichsbahn* is leased by the State to a Presidential commission. Fifty-six percent of all power production comes from government plants. The State owns great shipbuilding works, controls a practical monopoly of aluminum, has taken over the Gelsenkirchen mines and thus has a major hand in the steel and iron industry; it operates private banks and building companies, and since the crisis of July, 1931, controls, through mergers and subventions, three-quarters of all German banking. The great home of cartels, monopolies, of price-fixing and wage-fixing groups. Germany has gone far more than half way into socialism. Even the presence of a sharply reactionary government, such as the present, could never fully reverse the process and succeed in going back to capitalism.

Always a Socialist, and always interested chiefly in the cause of the working classes, Mr. Villard believes that in the end there will have to be an end of Junker and nationalist rule—although he does recognize the present dispersal of the labor unions and the impossibility of a general strike. With Hitler and his band of fanatics he has little patience; he regards them as creatures of the crisis and the depression, and trusts that the compromises which office responsibility entail will break down their bloody and chaotic program. When "The German Phœnix" was being written Chancellor von Schleicher was in office; Mr. Villard went so far as to state that Hitler was in his decline, and that in his defeat in the Presidential campaign he had "met his Waterloo." Well, it was not his Waterloo. But let us hope that it was his Battle of Leipzig, and that his present tenure of office is the Hundred Days which may lead to his real Waterloo. The ways of this Little Napoleon are devious, and his field generalship has grown more and more uncertain.

William Harlan Hale, whose lively article in a recent Atlantic Monthly, *entitled "Grand Tour—New Style," recorded the young Yale graduate's impressions of Europe, spent several months in Germany during the past year. As the son of the late William Bayard Hale he had earlier acquaintance with that country.*

Lady Into Facts

(*Continued from first page*)

would I impugn a legend so highly esteemed by my fellow taxpayers. Nevertheless am I forced to grant that all which we know about this legend is what that mundivagant soldier, Captain John Smith, is pleased to tell us, and, as was well ruled in *Bardell vs. Pickwick*, what the soldier said is no evidence.

So very contagious is the force of an ill example, that I, too, propose to become pedantic in this place, and to essay upon my own account a little "actual fidelity to history." . . . It is known, then, that in Smith's first account of his Virginian adventures, as published shortly after his capture by the Paumunkey Indians, he says nothing in particular about Pocahontas, beyond complimenting "her wit and spirit," nor does he suggest any special need of a rescue from Powhatan, who figures in the "True Relation" as a model of hospitality and kindness. Only when Smith's "General History" was printed, a good fifteen years later, some little while after "the daughter of the Emperor of Virginia" had appeared at the court of James the First, and had become in England a much talked about person—and when, above all, she was safely dead,—then only does Powhatan emerge from a relatively uninteresting level of benevolence as a fee-foh-fum ogre, then only does Pocahontas become the patron saint of Captain John Smith especially and of the Virginian colony in general; then only, for the first time, does anybody hear about the rescue legend.

Even in Virginia the contradiction should have weight. (It has, of course, none whatever in a state superior to logic.) For one, I find need to reflect that at this exact time Pocahontas was excellent "copy"; that Smith was a hard up publicist, a tried gambler at the conscienceless game; and that no person then living in England could dispute whatever he might say about either Powhatan or Pocahontas. And I deduce (howsoever unwillingly) that to believe what Smith tells us in the "General History" about my deceased relatives necessitates the forgetting of a great deal about human nature and virtually everything which is known about Smith. I infer, in brief, that the entire story of my unfortunate cousin—I forget just how many times "removed"—is plain balderdash.

Yet Mr. Garnett (in common, as we have observed, with Sir George Warrington) has but too faithfully followed Smith's second account of Pocahontas, with the addition of all relevant, and a vast deal of less relevant, matter from

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Strachey (the primal Strachey) and from Hamor and from yet other somewhat haphazard chroniclers. Through Mr. Garnett's admitted design, in itself praiseworthy, though perhaps a little beyond his endowments, "to draw an accurate historical picture and to make it a work of art," he has thus produced a book which has no dependable value as a record of fact, and does not rank enviably as literature.

With such ardor has Mr. Garnett multiplied Sir George Warrington's ancient error, of a too slavish fidelity to "historical sources," that Mr. Garnett contrives to lug in more or less everything which happened, or (an entirely different tale) which was officially reported to have happened, anywhere in the Colony of Virginia between 1607 and 1616. It follows that not much coheres. It follows that his narrative sprawls and staggers, and as reading matter collapses, under an unmanageable burden of promiscuous and hopelessly bemuddled affairs. The squabbles of the Jamestown settlers, or the local politics of the Indian tribes, for example, continually baffle, without ever engaging, the reader's attention. All such pages—and there are an intimidating number of them—can but present (in, as one should say, the teeth of a perplexed reader's enforced yawns) an inconsequential and blurred babble about wholly irrational bickerings, among unrealized persons, over the reader never finds out exactly what.

Nor, I regret to add, does Mr. Garnett abstain from slipshod writing. Of one sample in particular I speak as the voicer of a direct personal grievance, for on page 47 I detect my own grandfather, Opechancanough, described as "hissing, 'You leave my women out of it!'" I grieve not only over the implied moral aspersion: I grieve because the ability to "hiss" that special combination of words has died out of the family.

It is pleasing to end on a note more cheery. The inferior diction, the tediousness, and the all prevalent inanity of "Pocahontas" are not in the least likely to prevent its being read by a great many of us with joy and reverence. Howsoever faulty may be the book which an Englishman writes about American affairs, each fault is at once outweighed by our gratitude to him for having noticed us at all. I predict in consequence for "Pocahontas" a neat amount of popularity among our more serious-minded readers. It should sell nicely. My own copy, by the way, is in the market, now that I have enjoyed writing about this novel with British affability.

Magazines Are Human

(*Continued from first page*)

face cream and cigarettes, are impossible to combine with the aristocratic. The reading columns would hiss at the display and the display take the edge from the text. Even the urbanity of *The New Yorker* turns sour at some of its contacts, and the magazine, like a good bourgeois, tolerant and liberal, eases off into a rather amusing affectation of snobism all its own, as it wanders through the gift and corset ads toward the back cover.

Harper's is an intellectualist turned journalist, or one of the new type of college professors, aggressive, up-to-date, well-dressed, familiar with speak-easies where it gets some of its ideas and leaves others, not believing in anything very deeply, but determined to keep one intellectual sensation ahead of the next fellow. *The Atlantic Monthly* has become the perfect image of a cultivated New England woman, wise, rather witty, serious *au fond*, but so well accustomed to the polite world that life in the not too raw and simplicity and Englishmen from India or women longing to exhibit their emotions interest her much more than clever feature writers who tell you what not to think about anything. She carries a tract or two with her about Wall Street or Fascism, and every now and then has an emotional outburst of her own, which is fun. The *Mercury* is still Mencken, but getting a little uneasy lest exposing the dumbbells should prove to have been bad psychology. It is a hard and bitter talker, stopping (just now) to listen to itself. *Scribner's* is a little out of breath. *The Yale Review* is college Gothic, solid, expensive, with a few too many literary ornaments perfunctorily reproducing an earlier century. *The Nation* has a sour stomach, but is recovering. *The New Republic* is a dyspeptic with the extraordinary fits of energy and relapses into dryness characteristic of all dyspeptics. But then fat and healthy magazines, like those that go to the millions, have no individuality, although expensive editors are employed and valuable pages set aside to provide them with personalities (very cooey often, or rough and red-blooded) every week or month. *The Forum* is two elderly gentlemen, very experienced and very knowledgeable, gripping each other's buttons while they debate in a corner. *Time* is a bright college boy, immensely and rapidly read, with a tongue in his cheek and his mouth open, while he pounds the news inside out in the attempt to make it exciting. *Fortune* is a gentleman of the last old school, sitting at an executive's desk (supplied by Danersk), with charts of rising production curves and plans of factories de luxe on the walls, in an atmosphere of nostalgia that makes strong millionaires weep. *The Saturday Review*—

But if no man can see himself unmoved, surely a like emotion should be granted to magazines. Besides we grow libelous, and this figure that weekly steps into our office is, with all his (or her?) faults, beloved.

Jan Welzl

WHEN Jan Welzl's "Thirty Years in the Golden North" was reviewed in this magazine, a lively controversy began, in which Mr. Stefansson, the Czech dramatist Çapek, and others took part. The question was, were these remarkable stories of adventure and exploration authentic, or a pack of lies, or a "spoof." At the end, how much of the narrative was yarn, how much fact, was left somewhat uncertain, but Çapek testified that the Bohemian wanderer was at least a real man and had lived in the Arctic regions, and that the book was not meant as a satire upon explorers' tall tales. Another book of Welzl's, "The Quest for Polar Treasures," is about to appear.

Jan Welzl is certainly alive. We learn from correspondents in Dawson on the Yukon that this author, whose book was sent out by the Book-of-the- Month Club, and must have sold from thirty to fifty

JAN WELZL.

thousand copies in America alone, is a "pathetic old man," living there in destitution, supported by the Poor Relief of the Yukon government. He is telling his friends that the only remuneration he received for the mass of material he turned over in writing and by dictation to two reporters in Czecho-Slovakia, was a small sum given him at the time. From this material three books were made of which two are now published in English.

The Editors of the Review have investigated this unfortunate situation in so far as it is possible to do so at this time and distance. They find that The Macmillan Company of New York purchased their rights to publish from Allen, Unwin & Co., publishers of London, who in turn bought their permissions from the Czecho-Slovakian publisher. They are credibly informed that a contract exists, which seems to be genuine, by which Jan Welzl relinquished all rights to the books or articles which the two reporters were empowered to make from this material. For this he received the sum of 2,000 Czecho-Slovakian Crowns, amounting in 1929, to only about $60.00. He also, they are informed, agreed that he would not take later action on the ground that this sum was inadequate, and stated that considerations of care and friendly intercourse entered into the agreement. Apparently there was an earlier payment which brought his total remuneration to about twice as much. What the ghost writers may have received for their labors and the Czecho-Slovakian publisher for his books and for his foreign rights, we do not know.

We print this statement both to protect the American publisher who has acted in good faith, and to present the case of a destitute author whose books, sold for a trifling amount, have made a considerable sum of money. The success of these books would not, it is true, have been possible without the editorial work of his ghost writers, but Welzl supplied the material without which they could never have existed.

If Mr. Welzl has more adventures in his apparently inexhaustible fund, perhaps another book, or a series of articles, may be got from him. We hope that some way may be found to relieve his necessities, and that he may get an adequate return for what he does in the future. His original contract was apparently legal, but has certainly not resulted in justice to an author who has seen gold, ivory, furs, ships, and now royalties slip through his fingers.

A Capacious Craft

LOG OF THE SEA. By FELIX RIESENBERG. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT KEITH LEAVETT

"IF I were to go back to sea today," says Captain Riesenberg, ". . . it would be my choice to go out on a cargo carrier. Perhaps after a man reaches fifty he prefers cargo to passengers." Cargo and, the Captain might have added, sea-faring men. In a figurative sense the skipper has done just that in his latest book. For the moment, at least, Captain Riesenberg has given over the ferrying of squirming shiploads of strutting, scheming, gambling, ogling, quarrelsome, and amorous passengers that are the cargo of the novelist, and leaving that passenger-liner form of book tied up at its pier, has put out to sea in a good, honest, three-skys'l-yarder of a book with a cargo of broken stowage.

She is a capacious craft (352 pages) and the Old Man, like the sound mariner he is, has had her stowed to her marks. She carries a little bit of everything—narrative, description, argument, anecdote, reminiscence, invective, history, biography, character sketch, and much else that defies classification. For her crew Captain Riesenberg has gone crimping through the longshore of his memories and shanghaied as fine an assortment of sea-faring men as you will want to find.

Our skipper has laid out his cargo diagram in more or less chronological order. For'ard in the hold comes a group of sketches dealing with life aboard the old *St. Marys* schoolship, in which, during the late 90's, the youthful Riesenberg got his grounding in the twin arts of seamanship and navigation. Just abaft of this are half a dozen pieces connected with his life under sail in the square rigger *A. J. Fuller* in the Pacific and around the Horn. Next in order, handy to the fore hatch where the Captain can keep a jealous eye on it, is a shipment of which he is rather choice—a dozen items dealing with the *St. Louis*, sometime crack ship of the American Line. She was, one judges, the Captain's great love among ships. For all his repeated profession of admiration for sailing craft, and for all his obvious affection for the schoolship *Newport* which he later came to command, the Captain can never quite think upon the glamor of the *St. Louis* without a quickening of the pulse and a catch in the throat. Next abaft in the book's hold are sections touching on life in the coastwise trade and on experiences as third officer of the big freighter *American*, plying through the straits of Magellan to Hawaii in the days before the Panama Canal was opened. Next is a group of pieces from the Arctic, where the skipper served as navigator of the futile Wellman Polar Expedition.

FELIX RIESENBERG.
Photo by Sam Kradit

Thence to the stern are several miscellaneous groups, described on the master's diagram as "Shipmates," "Flotsam," "Shipmasters," "Log Notes," and "The Old Sea." Many bits, especially of these latter groups, will be gratefuly rediscovered by those who first read them on the pages of the *Nautical Gazette*.

It is not easy to characterize so miscellaneous a collection. Some, such as the narrative called "Ghosts," which was originally written for "Told at the Explorers Club," are elaborately done. The majority, however, are short and unpretentious. There are many brief, telling character sketches of the Captain's old shipmates, masters, watch officers, ships' doctors, stewards, bos'ns, and A. B's.

There are isolated chunks of narrative, serious or trivial; they all get the same swift, unadorned telling, whether they deal with close calls or convivial bowls.

The book is stuck full of nautical terms which the Captain, very properly, doesn't bother to explain. Bobstays and buntlines, topsail sheets and futtock shrouds may or may not be clearly intelligible to the reader, but they are fine, flavorsome words. They smack of the sea and the wind and well tarred rigging; they are salt as spindrift and stirring as the thunder of a chain-cable or the bellow of a great ship's whistle in the fog. From the moment the Captain, in his opening section breaks a long-forgotten hook out of the mud of New London Harbor on a fresh May morning half a lifetime ago, clear through to the last page on which his tidy dream ship rounds the Horn, scudding under bare poles before the howling westerlies, "Log of the Sea" is grand reading.

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of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.... *Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN..... *Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

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Farm and Mill

GOD'S LITTLE ACRE. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. N.Y.: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

A NOVEL that will lift the noses of the sensitive, Erskine Caldwell's "God's Little Acre," is nevertheless a beautifully integrated story of the barren Southern farm and the shut Southern mill, and one of the finest studies of the Southern poor white which has ever come into our literature. Writing in the brutal images of the life of his poor white people, Mr. Caldwell has caught in poetic quality the debased and futile aspiration of men and women restless in a world of long hungers which must be satisfied quickly, if at all.

This book is the full maturity of the promise Mr. Caldwell showed in his "Tobacco Road" of a year or so ago. There he dealt with the poorest poor whites, men and women too sodden for any feeling beyond the simplest hungers. Living like dirt, their tragedy was no more moving than the sweeping of dirt away. In "God's Little Acre" he writes of the Waldens, divided between farm and mill, who, still sordid, still lacking in anything above animal morality, are nevertheless moved by some vigor of desire. Their world is one in which women are beautiful until pellagra comes with quick ugliness. In Ty Ty Walden's restless digging for gold, in Will Thompson's determination to start the machines turning again in the padlocked mill, in the general masculine desire for the body of Griselda, he creates, in the vigorous terms of character and humor and lust, the struggle out of which the tragedy grows.

The story centers about the pitted Georgia farm where Ty Ty, contemptuous of cotton and food crops, digs great holes in persistent and foolish search. The acre which he set aside for God moves at Ty Ty's restless will all about the farm for as he tells his loose daughter's fat and lazy suitor, "I'd hate to have to see the lode struck on God's little acre the first time, and be compelled to turn it all over to the church. That preacher's getting all he needs like it is. I'd hate something awful to have to give all the gold to him. I couldn't stand for that, Pluto." In the end all the increase that comes to God's little acre is quarrelling and fornication and death.

As Ty Ty moves God's little acre about, so Mr. Caldwell carries his characters on automobile rides to Augusta, to Scotsville in the mill section of South Carolina, in such a way that the rides themselves seem symbolic of the aimless restlessness of his people. They move over the concrete roads for the variation of digging on the farm instead of starving in the mill strike, to find a whore, to borrow money, or merely to ride. Only Ty Ty in his digging, and his son-in-law, Will Thompson, in his direct action radicalism are moved by any definite aim, and in each of them that single-mindedness of concept and desire endows them with a quality of manhood even if it does not save them from futility and helplessness.

It would be a mistake to consider Mr. Caldwell a grim realist. Behind his grim, sometimes shocking, details he is a poet, occasionally almost lyric, and a poet whose sensitiveness to life is made strong and whole by a vigorous sense of humor. His comedy in "God's Little Acre" is full and rich as it grows out of his characters. Pluto Swint, who wants to be sheriff but is too fat and lazy to get around to his campaigning, waits in huge bashfulness until Darling Jill Walden becomes pregnant by someone else so she will marry him. Will Thompson, caught red-handed in adultery on his way to heroism, runs naked through the streets of Scotsville from his wife's pistol. Ty Ty Walden is sure his daughter, Darling Jill, knows too much about the moon to bring disgrace upon his family.

From such rough native comedy, Mr. Caldwell turns to his poetry in his description of the mill town. Remarkably his frank poetry fits easily into his more earthly story. He writes without arousing any sense of intrusion such passages as:

> The men who worked in the mill looked tired and worn, but the girls were in love with the looms and the spindles and the flying lint. The wild-eyed girls on the inside of the ivy-walled mill looked like potted plants in bloom. Up and down the Valley lay the company towns and the ivy-walled cotton mills and the firm-bodied girls with eyes like morning glories, and the men stood on the hot streets looking at each other while they spat their lungs into the deep yellow dust of Carolina. . . . In the mill streets of the Valley towns the breasts of girls were firm and erect. The cloth they wove under the blue lights clothed their bodies, but beneath the covering the motions of erect breasts were like quick movements of hands in unrest. In the Valley towns beauty was begging, and the hunger of strong men was like the whimpering of beaten women.

There are in American literature few descriptions of industrial conflict so simply, so directly, and so accurately done. Never once is Mr. Caldwell pointing a finger at injustice. He is drawing men and women. His story of industrial conflict grows in a room where a mill hand is committing adultery with his sister-in-law, and it grows there more clearly than in any detailed tractarian description that has ever been written. So also he draws the Southern farm in crude terms of human life and the red barren land emerges in reality. Not once does Mr. Caldwell cease to be the artist. To him the sharp imprecation of a whore on a back street in Augusta is as much a detail to be shaped into articulate beauty as any primrose that ever grew on any river's brim. It is an attitude safe from prurience in none but the ablest hands, but Mr. Caldwell has them. Those who see his ugliness and not his beauty are unable to see the forest for the trees.

Pageant of York State

ERIE WATER. By WALTER D. EDMONDS. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER WARD

THIS is the story of Jerry Fowler and Mary Goodhill, of how he bought her for $70 and married her, of how they tramped the Mohawk Pike on their way to take up land in the Holland Purchase, but stopped at Utica, where Jerry took a job with Caleb Hammil, who had the contract to build Lock No. 1 of the Erie Canal; of how Norah Sharon, the little black-haired girl, who gave men a long look, with slyness in it and a sense of invitation, and Harley Falk, the travelling shoemaker, a strange man, who rode a blind white horse, came between them, and of how at last they found each other again. It is also the story of the building of the Erie Canal.

It is all that and more. It is a tapestry depicting the pageant of life in York State between Albany and Buffalo in the years during which the Erie Canal was a-building, 1817 to 1825. The threads of its warp, that hold the story together, are the affairs of Jerry and Mary, but the weft is made up of the affairs of countless other people. It is in the pictures of these others that the chief interest and beauty of the tapestry is to be found. They are people of every sort, all real, all alive, full of color and character and true to their time and country. The book is, indeed, a picture gallery, displaying a well nigh complete array of characteristic Americans of its period.

There is the wandering Shaker preacher, Issachar Bennet, who, born with a gift for exhortation, but never really touched by the Lord, still had some hell in him. There is Ma Halleck, sturdy commander of her caravan of four wagons, her flock of sheep and herd of cows, her sons and sons-in-law and their wives, movers all, on their way from Vermont to the Purchase. There is John Jones, the smith, with the forged red face and the calm blue eyes, who shod Hammil's cob for the first time. There is Cossett, keeper of the inn in the marsh, and Self Rogers, the carpenter, with his chronic dyspepsy and his chronic toothache, and Dencey Burns, the girl whose husky voice so moved Jerry, and big Plute Sowersby, the boss of the gang, and little Cosmo Turbe, rough-and-tumbler, who marked his man's face with the star and bar of lightning he had set in the heels of his boots. All these and a hundred others, the people who lived in that country or travelled through it, who dug the Canal or watched others digging it, all real characters, all alive, all true to themselves, to their country and their period, make this book a real saga of American life in the 1820's, one not to be readily matched.

Mr. Edmonds has an observing eye and a magic pen. He sees and makes you see the bright ripple of blue and white made by the wings of a flock of pigeons in flight, the tuft of white steam springing from the steamboat's escape, like a bursting milkweed pod, the light dust on the city streets, that rises with a puff of wind and, falling, creeps into the cracks between the cobbles. His observation of such minor sights is equalled by the acuteness of his hearing. Sights and sounds of the life around his characters impinge sharply on his consciousness, and he conveys his impressions to his readers in opulent fulness. Indeed, if the book has a conspicuous fault, it is this very opulence. It needs restraint. One is somewhat distracted, at times, from the central interest of the scene by the impact on the imagination of unimportant details, well rendered and true to life, but still unimportant.

However, the faults of the book are few and, in the main, negligible. Taken as a whole it is a remarkably true and thoroughly convincing picture of life in York State in the 1820's, a book that should be leisurely read, that will well repay leisurely reading, and that will leave behind it in one's mind pictures of people and places not soon to be forgotten.

Christopher Ward, who is known to readers of the Saturday Review *for his sprightly parodies, is the author of two picaresque novels, "Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew" and "Yankee Rover," which like Mr. Edmond's tale, present a pageant of American life in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.*

THE TOWPATH. BY PAUL BARTLETT.
From the Catalogue of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Frontier Life

IN TRAGIC LIFE. By VARDIS FISHER. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS book is the third by an Idaho author who, after an erratic career — farmer, cowboy, lumberjack, prospector, school teacher, taxi-driver, student at the University of Chicago, where he took his Ph.D.—has settled down to write a tetralogy of frontier life. His earlier volumes, "Toilers of the Hills" and "Dark Bridwell," were praised by some of the best British and American periodicals for their rather brutal strength. We are not surprised to learn that this book was rejected by a half-dozen Eastern publishers as too strong meat for their imprint. It is probably the starkest, harshest, most unrelenting picture of the mingled evil and good of frontier life that has ever found its way into print.

Not that it is violent or strained; it is realism of the simple, dogged, unyielding kind, dealing with the events of everyday life and with the most ordinary people, and offering little action and less plot. Ostensibly it is fiction, but it is difficult to believe that it is not actually autobiography. It is the story of the experiences of a sensitive-minded boy named Vaidar, reared in the rough though beautiful Snake River country of eastern Idaho. Anybody who has lived on a farm in even a well-settled part of the West knows that many of its operations are necessarily brutal, many more are crude and ugly. There is a great deal of mud, dung, sweat, and blood. Cattle have to be dehorned, pigs have to be ringed and marked with a knife, colts have to be castrated; cruel accidents to man and beast are common. In a frontier region, without comforts, without society, without the veneers we apply to life in the raw, with many people who are not merely uncultured but uncivilized, with a sprinkling of men whom misfortune or sadistic impulse has turned into brutes, many things happen that are not easy to chronicle. Mr. Fisher has chronicled them with defiant exactitude. To some episodes he has given so savage an emphasis that, although he does not neglect the more attractive side of life, he lays his book open to the charge of distortion. Incidentally, he offers a thorough though by no means pleasing analysis of the mental and emotional growth of his hero through boyhood and into high school days. The youngster he describes is in some ways distinctly abnormal. Altogether, it is a repulsive yet powerful book. It can best be commended to those readers who have taken a sentimental view of frontier life, and who wish a clearer view of the kind of existence from which Jackson and Lincoln really sprang.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

ERIE WATER. By WALTER D. EDMONDS. *Little, Brown.*
A pageant of life in York State in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER. By ERNEST NEWMAN. *Knopf.*
A biography by an eminent English musical critic.

LOG OF THE SEA. By FELIX RIESENBERG. *Harcourt, Brace.*
Adventures of a career spent in sailing ships.

This Less Recent Book:

EXPRESSION IN AMERICA. By LUDWIG LEWISOHN. *Harpers.*
The rise and fall of literature in America.

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Truth and Misconception

THE ESKIMOS, THEIR ENVIRONMENT AND FOLKWAYS. By EDWARD MOFFAT WEYER, JR. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1932.

Reviewed by VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

THIS is a book of understanding; therefore it is concerned with the eradication of misunderstanding. The causes of muddled thinking within its field have been chiefly three—an attempt to reconcile ancient belief with modern knowledge, and failure to interpret time and space.

We take the space element first and discover that geographically some Eskimos are farther south from others than Florida is from Maine, some farther east from others than Maine is from California. Among Europeans we assume much dissimilarity for less distance, as of Sweden from Rumania or Turkey. Among Eskimos we assume, for a thousand miles north, east, south, or west, similarities that approach identity. We construct duplicate savages for varied places and confer on them a standardized behavior.

The Eskimos of our standardized conception live on fish and eat their meat raw—if we are a bit analytical we solve the contradiction in terms by figuring that there isn't much difference between fish and seals, that seals have meat, and that it is this fishy meat which the Eskimos eat raw. Similarly the underwear is bird skins, the trousers are bear, the holiday clothes blue fox. They live in snow houses which we call igloos because we think that igloo is an Eskimo word meaning snow house. Theirs is a land of bitter, constant frost. In a zone of ice they travel on sledges, the runners of which are made of small pieces of wood lashed together; they drive dogs in teams hitched fanwise and crack long whips. They are fat—at which conclusion we arrive for one of three reasons: loose garments make their photographs seem broad in relation to height; we believe they eat a lot of fat and that fat makes the eater fat; or we have a theory that they are fat by a beneficent provision of nature which gives northern animals layers of blubber that are a marvellous protection against cold. Anyhow, they are a fat little people. In extreme cases their year is a day and a night, each six months long. They have never seen trees. They never saw a book and are most benighted, with the one saving clause that they don't know how benighted they are and so don't have to worry about it.

The flesh-and-blood Eskimos are as far apart in space as Weyer describes in the geography of his opening paragraph. They are no less remote from one another in the time element of their contacts with "civilization"—in that respect the extreme

AN ESQUIMO CHILD.

groups are at least nine hundred years apart historically. You will be compelled, therefore, to wrestle with some of the following if you want to approximate your mental pictures to reality:

There are Eskimos in Greenland who began to mix their blood and culture with those of Christian Europeans soon after the year 1000; there are others in north central Canada who met no Europeans face to face till Rasmussen visited them about ten years ago. In Greenland, Eskimos began to issue their own journal in their own language when Lee was commanding the armies of the Confederacy; near Coronation Gulf the first book was viewed uncomprehendingly in Rasmussen's hands. In northwestern Greenland you seldom find on a beach a piece of driftwood really suited for a whole sled runner; on the northeastern coast of Alaska you find huge drift logs in windrows, in the Mackenzie Delta, among other places, the Eskimos build log cabins by chopping down trees more than seventy-five feet high; in southwestern Alaska they dwell in or near a forest all their lives.

On large stretches of the Greenland coast, but in few other places, the people live mainly on seals; at the mouth of the Kuskokwim and Yukon rivers, but in few other places, they live mainly on fish. Many of the seal-eaters of Greenland have never seen a caribou; some of the caribou-eaters of north central Canada have never seen a seal. Before European influence became felt, there were large parts of Greenland, and many other sections, where the winter houses were commonly stifling hot from our point of view, and people of all ages sat in them completely naked; in the Mackenzie Delta and some other districts, the houses were equally hot, but only the children were completely naked, the grown people wearing breeches from waist to knee; on Back's River the houses were frequently so cold that no one took off his clothes except to go to bed, and the temperature within doors would occasionally drop below zero—a hundred degrees lower than the dwellings of the majority of the Eskimo world at that time of year.

On reading Weyer, the traditional Eskimo in our mind is replaced by confusion still more confounded when the book considers such things as the effect of the white man on the primitive way of life. There are districts where everyone is "pure Eskimo"; in some places there is considerable mixture with, say, Athabasca Indians; in Greenland the nine hundred years of European contact have produced what are to us "Eskimos" but to the Danes "Greenlanders" who make up a considerable share of the population and range in appearance from what, if we met them on the street, we would think of as pure Scandinavian types to what we might mentally classify as south-of-Italy.

When I was at Coronation Gulf in 1910, there were probably five hundred Eskimos in north central Canada who had never seen the face of a European, the flame of a match, or the smoke of gunpowder. When Rasmussen was there a dozen years later, there were still a few to whom he was the first white visitor. Against that you find "Eskimos" in Labrador whose one language is English. There are Eskimos from Greenland, Alaska, and elsewhere who are graduates of colleges and technical schools.

Lamps burning animal fat are still the one source of light and winter heat in some districts, but at the mouth of the Mackenzie River Eskimos use Delco or other electrical lighting systems. There are places where no boat of any kind exists, and there are others where power schooners and power launches are common. At Aklavik, for instance, a hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle on the Mackenzie, Inspector S. T. Wood, of the R. C. M. P., took a snapshot something like ten years ago showing more than $200,000 worth of power shipping belonging to Eskimos—the usual price range of the craft would be from $2,000 to $5,000.

The real Eskimo is meaningful to geographers, anthropologists, sociologists, and whoever studies the adaptation of man to his environment; he is as instructive a marginal figure as the Bedouin or Samoan. The thoroughgoing scholar will still continue to read those source works of travellers and field students from which Weyer draws most of his information; writers who merely want authentic background for the treatment of Eskimo life in textbooks or juveniles will find most of what they need between the covers of "The Eskimos"—all of what they need if they read also a few of the several hundred books that make up the bibliography, perhaps taking first the ones to which Weyer refers oftenest. The layman of the somewhat thoughtful type who would rather get his fiction from novels than from the ordinary "non-fiction," can turn with security to "The Eskimos" and read it with satisfaction.

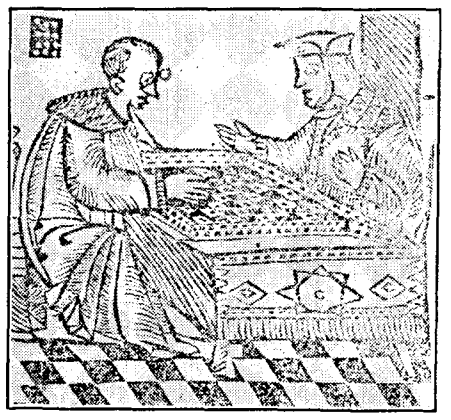
Vilhjalmur Stefansson is the outstanding authority on the Eskimo, having led expedition after expedition to the Arctic regions, and having lived a year with Eskimos who had never seen a white man and whose ancestors never had.

A Century of Chess

MASTERS OF THE CHESSBOARD. By RICHARD RETI. Translated from the German by M. A. SCHWENDEMANN, with an introduction by H. R. BIGELOW. New York: Wittlesey House. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DOOLITTLE

THE world of chess, seemingly remote from all other fields of human endeavor, follows none the less the intellectual tendencies which influence other schools of thought. Theory and master play vary from decade



WOODCUT FROM A FIFTEENTH CENTURY ITALIAN BOOK ON CHESS.

to decade. The game has its fashions and the fashions their prophets.

"Masters of the Chessboard" is a history of the development of chess theory during the last hundred years, through the medium of studies of twenty-three outstanding players. Games typical of each master have been critically analyzed to make clear the individuality of each, and the strength and weakness of the various philosophies. The seventy annotated games form as complete a picture of the century's major trends in chess as has yet been drawn.

As a writer of chess literature, Mr. Reti, who died in 1929, was outstanding. His style is clear and forceful. Though this book deals with the most involved of abstract theories, it is readily understandable even to beginners. As an historian, however, he worked under a severe handicap. He was also a chess master. The majority of the players dealt with, he had met over the board. He had shared in the creation of many of the theories which he undertook to describe. And, as was perhaps inevitable, the principles and prejudices of the author have colored the book.

Chess, today, is going through a period of stagnation. The philosophy of Wilhelm Steinitz, the most dominant force in theory for the past seventy years, has been carried to its extreme. The "closed game" of today has become so conservative that master play is almost entirely imitative. The masters themselves realize the necessity for new philosophies and styles of play. But Reti, a disciple of Steinitz, sees the theories of that master as all-inclusive, and evaluates all games solely by those theories. Morphy and Anderssen, whom he uses as a background for introducing Steinitz, Emanuel Lasker, and Spielmann (who is hailed as the last of the romantic tradition) all appear in a poor light because of this evaluation.

The defect, however, does not greatly lessen the value of the book as a textbook for modern students. In whichever direction the game develops it is not probable that there will ever come a time when the Steinitzian theories can be ignored. But to fully appreciate the masters of the "open game" and the value of their contributions, it will be necessary to turn to less biased critics.

The Theatre

BIOGRAPHY. A Comedy by S. N. BEHRMAN. With INA CLAIRE. At the Guild Theatre. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE second play of the fifteenth subscription season of the Theatre Guild may be said to rank among the best things they have done, chiefly because it gives Ina Claire a chance to remind us forcibly of her rare gifts as an actress. But when I honestly examine the impression made upon me by seeing the play, I find myself disappointed. The key to the action seems to me a key that could have opened the door at any time, and then there would have been no play. In the second act a stuffed-shirt politician expresses terror lest an old love put him in the autobiography she is writing. It will ruin his career. As he and she are presented, she could easily have soothed his fears. Otherwise, an understandable motivation of her ensuing actions would have been that, through her disgust at what he had developed into from the man she first loved, she should of malice aforethought pretend that she was sensationally presenting his early life in the pages of her book, to teach him a good lesson in the end. But if such was Mr. Behrman's original idea, it gets mislaid in the shuffle of conflicting personalities.

Undoubtedly the play has interest, heightened by the fact that it vaguely suggests, in the artistic achievements of the heroine, the life of Clare Sheridan. Indubitably Mr. Behrman writes better than most playrights. But he does not seem to me fully to have explored the comedy possibilities of his theme, even as he does not seem to have produced a play of thoroughly sound structure. That his third act is his best is an unusual phenomenon. But it is partly because the second act becomes rather slow and heavy. Comedy-drama is the most difficult, as it can be the most satisfying, of theatrical achievements; but I perceive a shifting of intention in "Biography," that was far more a fault in "Brief Moment," and yet constitutes a flaw in the present play. To put it in another way, the comedy and the seriousness seem improperly proportioned, if we are to be as exigent with Mr. Behrman as his unusual talent merits. The effectiveness of his third act is also heightened by the introduction on the stage of two new characters, a legitimate and clever device that adds much to the lightening of a play which, at the end of the second act, threatens to turn into one of deep seriousness.

"Biography" is essentially a presentation of contrasted attitudes toward life. Marion's essential quality is tolerance; Kurt's, intensely analytical rebellion against sham and hypocrisy; Feydak's, mellow worldly wisdom. Mr. Behrman's unfolding of these attitudes through the speeches of his characters is admirably managed, with great naturalness. A tendency to overemphasis on the part of Mr. Fassett as Nolan, and particularly by Mr. Larimore as Kurt, should have been checked in the direction. The character of Warwick Wilson seems to me entirely extraneous, rather cheap, and to further the comedy but little. As Feydak, Arnold Korff's performance was second only to that of Miss Claire. He is a remarkably good actor. Helen Salinger, the character-woman, rendered her Teutonisms with satisfying unction and reminded me that I have almost completely forgotten my German. Charles Richman as the Southern magnate and Mary Arbenz as his daughter were adequate, though Miss Arbenz could have been more effective in some of her most amusing lines. The star, Ina Claire, is, it is hardly necessary to say, an actress of great and subtle skill and a most attractive stage personality. The spirited and sensitive ease of her performance was a pleasure to watch. And if I have seemed to cavil too much at her vehicle, it is only because one now expects such superlative things of Mr. Behrman. As it is, any work of his easily excels the average entertainment in the theatre. It is fine in fibre, and so intelligent that one looks to him for a really great "play of ideas."

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The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

IT appears that bookselling in the rural districts is not as sentimentally easy a task—at any rate not now—as old Roger Mifflin described it. Without giving any identifications we are allowed to reproduce the confidential report of an enthusiastic young man who tried to sell current books from house to house in the Colonial house region of a New England State. The date of this excursion was last November:

November 15th

1—House large, furnished moderately with ordinary taste, located in center of village of B——. Proprietor likely to have large enough income to afford purchasing of books.

A woman of middle age answered my knocking at the door. She had the appearance of one in a hurry to do something. She had her hat and coat on. To state my message as shortly as possible I asked if she would care to look over a display of the most recent books.

She simply shook her head "no." Another woman approached the door asking for the direction of some place, so that I was forced to take my leave with no further explanation.

I left no leaflet.

2—Going out a side road I stopped at an old colonial house, but discovered upon approaching it closer that it was taken care of very simply. Fearing that someone would have noticed my coming into the yard I rang the bell. A rather poorly dressed Swedish woman answered. I took my time with my explanation of the books on display and stressed the low prices of some of the children's books and gifts, thinking that perhaps she had some child relations. I also mentioned the popular fiction books and stated the prices of Everyman and Modern Library Books. But I soon realized that any kind of a book did not mean much to her. She finally said a firm "*No.*" So naturally bid her "Good Day" and left, leaving no leaflet.

3—Going further up this road I stopped at a very attractive appearing small house with a drive and well kept lawn. An expensive limousine was parked by the veranda. I noticed antique pieces on the porch and felt encouraged, at least, for some prospect to talk with someone who probably would admire good books.

An elderly gentleman answered my knock. He seemed to be interrupted and eyed me suspiciously. I suddenly felt everything against me, so stated my cause briefly. I said: "Would you care to look over a good collection of books? I am representing the —— Book Shops. You may have heard of them." A continual shaking of his head and nervous swaying of the door suggested that I had better take my leave. He mumbled something to the effect that if he had money he would *not* spend it this way. He shut the door immediately when he saw that I retraced my steps a bit. Of course, I left and left no leaflet.

4—I kept on going up this road heading for a rather large farmhouse, well kept. I noticed upon reaching the door that it was the home of a woman doctor. She answered my ring and appeared willing to listen to what I had to say. I asked if she cared to look at a display of some very nice books including the Everyman and Modern Library books, also . . . but she cut me short by saying that she didn't care to just now. I mentioned the fact that I represented the —— Book Shops and offered her a leaflet. But she said that she had visited the shop in —— and had a leaflet. I could say no more.

5—Returning down this same road I stopped at a well kept colonial house near the village. A young man answered. I explained my mission. He was interested in what I described and looked over the leaflet. But he said that he was working from six to six and felt he had little time to read a book after reading over his newspaper and magazines. He explained that he liked books and tried to buy them and read them as often as he could; but now he was doing a great deal of physical work, and it really made him quite tired around the early hours of the evening, so that the news was about all he could manage to get in. We talked at random about the fact that it couldn't be a worse year for the book establishments. He thought people, however, were giving more thought to reading of books but more of the practical kind; that they avoided unnecessary expense as much as possible and made use of and contented themselves with books in the public libraries and lending libraries. He finished by saying that he would like to see one of the Book Shops. . . . I left a leaflet.

6—Getting back into the village I stopped at a rather large house, neatly appearing. A middle aged woman answered. She was interrupted in her housework. I asked if she cared to bother looking at a display of books just now. She pleaded a polite "No." I added what I represented and gave her a leaflet which she thanked me for, again in her same polite attitude. I left.

7—Going back onto the main street I stopped at a very attractive small colonial house. A fine looking white-haired woman came around from the side of the house and placed me very much at ease with welcoming chatter. She was interested and said she often purchased books, but she did this through her own daughter who was in the business. I talked a bit about what I was selling and gave her some of my free notions about people who won't even care to look at books. She sympathized, and said nice things but emphasized the point that today was a difficult time for salesmen going to the homes with their products. She thought books were hard enough to sell even in the shops when the people came to town to buy, but to buy books when only a very great desire prompted them to. We said cheerful good byes anyway.

8—No one except the maid was home at the place next door. I gave her a leaflet.

9—I next stopped at a house in the center of the town. An elderly gentleman answered. The house appeared well kept outside but noticed immediately that he was poor. He said he could not afford books. He had to spend his money on other more important things. I noticed a bookcase very full of light fiction. I left no leaflet.

10-15—The next five houses that I visited were those of farmers and poor people. The moment I mentioned "books" they repeated "*No,*" almost in fear that I would be persistent in explaining to them about something they did their best to avoid, even if they had money.

16—Entering R—— I stopped at a good looking colonial house. A middle aged woman answered. She explained that she was only the guest and that the owners would not return until that week-end. She said she would tell them that I called and took a leaflet. She did not seem to care to look at the books herself.

17-20—Upon entering W—— I stopped at four more nice country homes. At the first three the people were out, but the servants accepted the leaflet and said they would speak to the owners when they returned. At the fourth place I was greeted very rudely. The place had a beautiful site and I thought surely that I would find someone who appreciated books, regardless who sold them. A small boy called his mother. She came dressed with an apron on, probably in the midst of cooking. She seemed as though she were interrupted against her will, so I briefly asked: "Would you care to see a fine display of books?" and I wanted to add children's books, but she said a very stern "*No,*" and slammed the door.

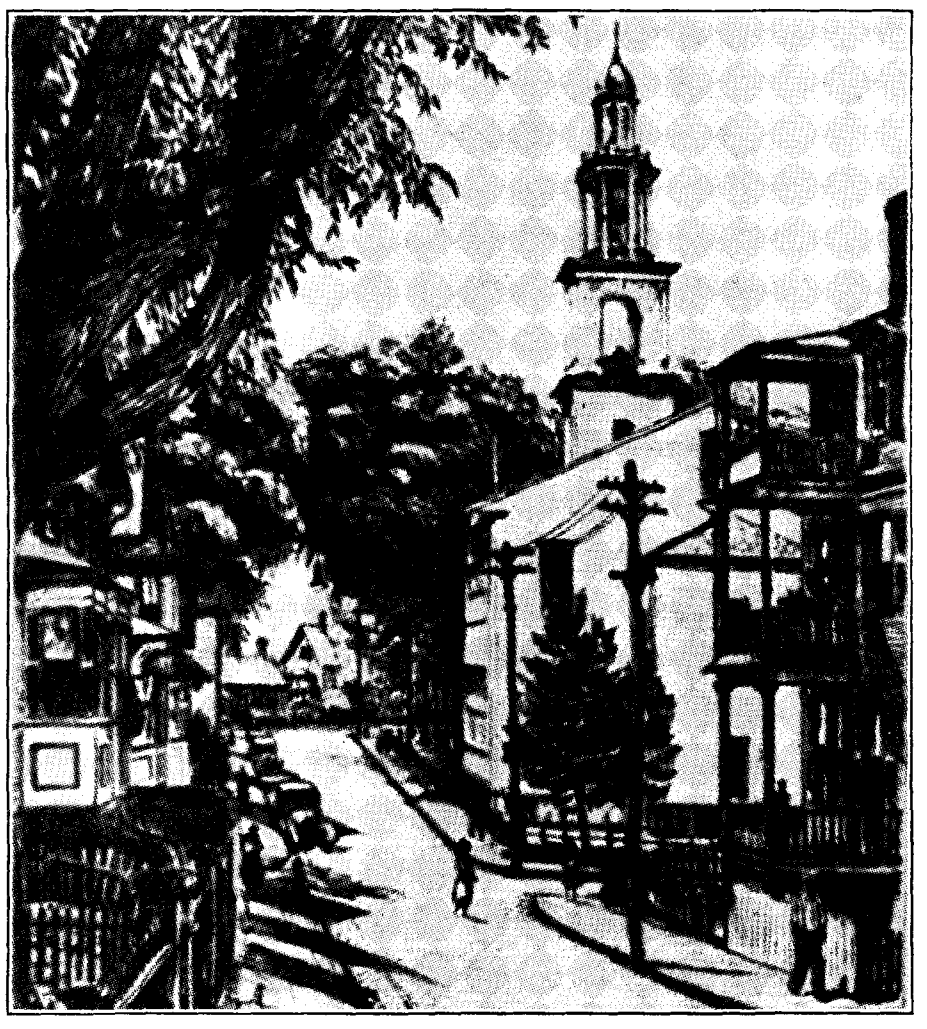
Naturally after experiencing these some twenty odd calls with the same fruitless results, I decided to get hold of the librarian of W—— and ask him the feasibility of entering this vicinity as a book salesman. After a half hour search for the right person as the library was closed I found him at last. He was a middle-aged man and lived in a very simple home. I asked if he could give a list of names of those he thought would be likely prospects for purchasing books. He gave me seven names of local people, but he did not feel sure of their prospects to purchase books.

I stopped at one of the names he gave: a drug store clerk who had bought books now and then for a lending library. He was not in, but the particular clerk in the store at the time said that she did not think he was going to purchase any more books because he still had a number he could not sell.

It was then after five, and I was 35 miles from home, so gave up the idea of any more calls.

I stopped at the N—— Library and found the librarian willing to give me a list. She gave me fourteen names of local people. As she had someone else to wait on I did not talk with her. It was late. . . .

C. I.



IT IS THROUGH TOWNS LIKE THIS THAT THE BOOK SALESMAN PLIES HIS TRADE.
From an Etching by Max Kuehne.

C. C. W. of Santa Barbara, California, lost a pair of pyjamas at a Chinese laundry and thinks our Chinese Translator will be pleased with the oriental's letter of apology—which is here textually reproduced:

> yours have been informed us, which one par of pajamps is dismiss at last few weeks, We doing ours best afforded to reserches them on your requesting, But is difficult to find it. So we very galdly to advice you to buying other pair and we responsible the costly. We will be very cautionary in the further. So sorry I am to lost you things in previous, but it has made mistake from some my workers men. I beg you to pardon those matter, I remin
>
> truly yours,
>
> —— —— LAUNDRY.

"Salesmanship is the most conspicuous, and perhaps the gravest, of the wasteful and industrially futile practices that are involved in the business-like conduct of industry; it bulks large both in its immediate cost and in its meretricious consequences. It also is altogether legitimate and indispensable in any industrial business that deals with customers, in buying or selling; which comes near saying, in all business that has to do with the production or distribution of goods or services. Indeed, salesmanship is, in a way, the whole end and substance of business enterprise; and except so far as it is managed with a constant view to profitable bargains, the production of goods is not a business proposition. It is the elimination of profitable transactions of purchase and sale that is hoped for by any current movement looking to an overturn; and it is the same elimination of profitable bargaining that is feared, with a nerve-shattering fear, by the Guardians of the established order."

"The underlying population are as nearly uninformed on the state of things as the Guardians of the Vested Interests, including the commercialized newspapers, can manage to keep them, and they are consequently still in a frame of mind to tolerate no substantial abatement of absentee ownership; and the constituted authorities are competently occupied with maintaining the status quo. There is nothing in the situation that should reasonably flutter the sensibilities of the Guardians or of that massive body of well-to-do citizens who make up the rank and file of absentee owners, just yet."

These two passages are from Thorstein Veblen's posthumously famous book, *The Engineers and the Price System,* made up of six essays written for *The Dial* in 1919 and published in book form in 1921. The book did not go into a second printing until 1932; it had two more printings in January 1933. If I were a collector I should make a point to get hold of the 1921 edition, for it is one of the most interesting books of our time. It is marked by a sardonic or ironical vein which is all the more effective because it is under careful control; the reiteration of the phrase *just yet* (which are the closing words of the book) grows to have a quite thrilling impact on the reader. The book completely contradicts most of the usual "businesslike" conceptions of trading, and gives one plenty to consider. Certainly in the light of the past few years it looks now like one of the landmarks of modern publishing.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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"I say then, that he is exactly like the masks of Silenus, which may be seen sitting in the statuaries' shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside them" PLATO: *Symposium*

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A NUMBER OF THINGS

I HAVE been turning over in my mind a number of things connected with poetry; turning over with my hand a number of periodicals and papers, a copy of *Hound & Horn,* a letter from Ezra Pound, a copy of "The Promised Land," a letter from Richard Thoma, a copy of *The New Republic,* a copy of *Voices;* reading various articles, various verse. So little of the verse sticks in my head, although there is a good deal of coruscation in some of it! It seems to be intensely difficult for the modern to give his experience enough definition in the expression of it. There has been such an infinite amount of allusion to fragments of experience to which the reader is never given the key. There is a tantalizing fog of words.

MURIEL DRAPER

Muriel Draper is doing a book on America as she sees it, and *Hound & Horn* opens with a fragment from it, "America Deserta," which is, of course, a fragment of prose. But there are rhythms of poetry in her writing, there is the mood of poetry, and one sentence has struck me:

> Men and women walk fast to nowhere along their glittering streets and move through them to the next place in bright streams of cars.

That is, of course, New York, the essence of New York being "Men and women walk fast to nowhere." But no one has caught New York yet in a poem. There is quite a remarkable manuscript by Marya Mannes floating around and unpublished at present, "Hexad," which gives something of it, conversationally conveyed. But I think that Mrs. Draper's book, completed, will probably catch a good deal of it. I think her view of America, to judge by this sample, should be refreshingly original. As to the poetry in *Hound & Horn,* I have found one poem that impressed me, "Nightmare," an experience of death, by Winfield Townley Scott—most effectively done.

MR. POUND'S VIEW

Perhaps the most depressing thing in the letter from Ezra Pound, to avoid personalities, is the fact that it seems now impossible to give him even a vague idea of what America is like at present—not that I have tried, nor that my own ideas on the subject are so crystal-clear! He seems to feel that all our critical journals over here are leading the American public astray,—not that the dear public is exactly taken into his arms, they would find it rather like the embrace of a hedgehog! He is inclined to sweeping statements these days, large, denunciatory generalizations. That seems to constitute his chief enjoyment in life. I find other things in his poetry. Apparently he reads most of our critical journals or he would not speak so confidently. If so, his idea that we are all forever pusillanimously dodging every important issue that comes up, seems to me singularly mistaken. The literary men I know are more than ready to debate any issue for hours. But Pound seems to have stationed himself aloof both from some minds that might interest him and from an opportunity really to understand in any manner a country he berates. Yet I dare to eat a peach, having reached Mr. Prufrock's age—and passed it,—even in the face of so much contumely. According to Mr. Pound, Mr. Canby and myself have been engaged "from year to year pouring poison into or onto the enfeebled or adolescent amurkn (*sic*) mind." We have been doing our damndest "to preserve mildew and falsify critical standards." It is hardly necessary to say that such has been far from our intention! Even at that, if I thought the fact remained as stated, I should leap lightly from the top of the Empire State Building.

I do not think Mr. Pound would object to my quoting the following paragraph, which is an indictment of New York criticism in general, as he feels it to be:

> Twenty years of work and not one of you with the guts to make a straight answer, always the slide off and the hiding under the woodpile. Either you are or are not willing to face known maxima. If not then . . . you have no business to go on impeding the next generation.

In his "How to Read" Mr. Pound made certain demands of the intelligent. But he seems to be blissfully unaware that for a good many years Mr. Canby has also been making demands of the intelligent. They may not precisely coincide with Mr. Pound's demands. We can only try to bring light into darkness according to our own particular idea of what the light is. The only other way would be to establish a literary dictatorship in a country and promptly execute everyone who dared to read anything not prescribed. But this has its difficulties. The varied contributions to the *Saturday Review* would show, in any perusal of its files, that it has been open always to a variety of opinion. Mr. Pound seems to me to speak rather like a schoolmaster in a study. We have made a good many straight answers in our time.

THE PROMISED LAND

Here is Mr. Thoma's "The Promised Land" with an interesting foreword by Stuart Gilbert. The book is issued in Paris from Nine Rue Vavin. It is illustrated with modernistic drawings by Mayo, confused and quite beautiful. So is the poem. Mr. Gilbert says in his foreword: "I know few modern poems so ardent with the spark that lit Erinna's lover, and so remindful, not only in its rhythms but in its feverish ecstasies, of the Atthis choriambics, litany of an ambiguous love." That may be. What interested me was that the poem is a "legend of evasion from the inner darkness of intellectual lust towards the planes of light and color." Indeed, it coruscates. Mr. Thoma writes me, in part,

> I assure you I have no patience whatever with people who make things difficult as a game, but when the difficulty in a work is primordial and strange, I try to understand it, to see what the writer was getting at, how he felt when he wrote it. I don't wish it was something else.

All I can reply is that I do try to find out what the writer is getting at. I don't wish it was something else. But if his poem does not tell me with sufficient clarity what he is getting at I would be dishonest to say it did. "The Promised Land" is so far clearer than anything I have read of Mr. Thoma's.

It is clearer than a great deal of the late Hart Crane. In the latest number of *The New Republic* there is printed Waldo Frank's "An Introduction to Hart Crane," with four of Crane's unpublished poems. Crane possessed a modicum of wild genius, but I still contend that a great deal of his poetry was unintegrated chaos. I use these words because Mr. Frank says "The first lines of the volume:

> *As silent as a mirror is believed*
> *Realities plunge in silence by . . .*

are a superb expression of chaos and of the poet's need to integrate this chaos in the active mirror of self. Page after page 'realities plunge by,' only ephemerally framed in the mirroring mood which, alas! melts, itself, into a turbulent procession."

I certainly feel this about a good deal of Crane's work, and it prevents me from becoming so greatly an admirer of it as is Frank.

There is, also, in this number of the *New Republic* an editorial tribute to the poetry of the late Sara Teasdale, very well stated. Thus two poets, poles apart in method, receive funeral wreaths.

The latest issue of Mr. Harold Vinal's occasional magazine, *Voices,* is one of the best I have seen. While none of the poetry is truly extraordinary, the craftsmanship of most of the poems is remarkably good. Also, the reviews are interesting. I hope that Mr. Vinal will be able to keep his magazine at this level. He has improved greatly both in the writing of his own poetry and in his connoisseurship of the poetry of others. And yet one of the greatest pleasures I have had in looking through *Voices* lies in gazing again upon certain famous lines by Thomas Nashe. To a new generation they may lack the magic they have for me. But it seems to me that they remain timelessly beautiful. They are:

> *Brightness falls from the air,*
> *Queens have died young and fair,*
> *Dust hath closed Helen's eye.*

The farmhouse at Glendale, New Jersey, in which Walt Whitman completed his "Leaves of Grass," has been destroyed by fire. He went there in 1875, and finished the poem in 1877.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

THE MAKING OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH: Annals of an American Family. By CLARA LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN. Long & Smith. 1933. $3.

This book is a partial survey of a family record, supplementing the family album, and as such should be of some interest to the Walker-Longworth-Flagg-Anderson-Storer-Roosevelt-Stettinius branches and to the genealogical historian, but there is little in it to satisfy anyone looking for an adequate biography of its subject or a diagnosis of his time. The author, a sister of former Speaker Longworth, and wife of a former military attaché of the French Legation, is altogether too close to her subject, and her compilation of odds and ends of personal history is full of thin places and wide gaps.

Writing in the first person, she states what a great many people already know—that Representative Longworth was a man of character, sense, and charm, suave and self-contained, an extraordinarily able violinist, sometimes a pianist, and possessed of a cordial, radiant personality. Politically, he was thoroughly regular, even at the expense of his father-in-law, for he preferred to see disputes settled within the party. But the distinctive flavor of pre-war days in Washington is missing, and this was a period of social color and grace, when vintage wines and fine champagnes were a *sine qua non* on the White House dining table. What of those dinners of state when the men went into the Red Room for cigars and the Baroness Uchida was the only one to smoke in front of everybody until Mrs. Townsend reached for one; the furore over Alice Longworth's cigarettes, and the rumor that she partook of three in an evening, said to have proven too much for her? What of those parties when everyone did some specialty in the way of a dance or song, while "Nick" presided at the piano; the "Night Riders," inspired by Nick and Alice, and Mrs. Bellamy Storer's batch of Roosevelt letters, produced at a most unhappy moment? The author casually mentions her brother's engagement and marriage, but otherwise the former Speaker's wife is pretty well ignored. Perhaps Alice will write a book now and state that Nick was an only child.

Fiction

COME EASY, GO EASY. By ARTHUR MASON. John Day. 1933. $2.50.

This time Mr. Mason, who has a number of book titles to his credit, spins his yarn from experiences when as a sailor turned gold seeker he went prospecting in Nevada at the time of the Goldfield excitement. Like any Jack ashore he makes the most of his leave, and moreover he is too accomplished a story-teller to dwell upon the factual undramatic. In the one poker game the Chinese player dies from the shock of four aces in his hand while the fat pot falls to a pat king high bluffing a queen full! There are gunshots and corpses, potent Old Crow, females of parts, male originals, man-hunting wild steers, a most extraordinary white mule (partner in the locating of a golden ledge); and at the last the San Francisco earthquake to swallow the author's hardly-filled money belt. With its current realism "Come Easy, Go Easy" may be a "lusty saga." At any rate it should be easy to take by the reader who, like the Baron's Charlie of radio land, wasn't "there."

THE RED HILLS. By RHYS DAVIES. Covici-Friede. 1933. $2.50.

Although the Welsh background of this novel, with its lowering hills, black-pitted collieries, and hard-living village toilers, is obviously genuine and carries real values to the reader, there is yet something specious about the book. Its plot is exclusively a struggle of sex-values, so insistently dealt with that a masterly handling would be needed to sustain and justify the unrelieved trend of the narrative. The author quite often does not rise to such a level, and indeed frequently writes with a fulsomeness that is cloying and destructive of the effect he wishes to produce. Two women are pitted against each other in their love for one man. One is a primitive being, a village dweller;—more consistent and more vitally imagined than her opponent, but unable to strike the mental contacts with the man which are open to the more sophisticated woman. The latter is wearied by her own previous experiences—in themselves a sordid enough history. It is she who wins,—first opposed by her father (the old pious Welshman who is the most real and likable character in the book) and finally aided by him when at last he believes that she is now sincerely in love. A narrow escape from death when the two lovers are shut by their enemies into a blocked coal-pit is described with power and feeling. But even here the story is clogged with its own wordy and overfulsome telling, and in closing the book the reader's mind is at sea between lower and higher values: an over-emphasis upon constant instinctive experiences and a higher unrealized valuation of them which the author—using an effective and interesting background—wished but failed to project.

Miscellaneous

THE GREAT AMERICAN LAND BUBBLE. By A. M. SAKOLSKI. Harpers. 1932. $3.50.

This is the first general study that has ever been made of land speculation in the United States. As such it is extremely important, for land speculation was our earliest, and has perhaps always been our largest, national business enterprise. Historians have kept their hands pretty well off the subject hitherto, on account of the difficulty of reconciling a candid treatment of it with the motives and purposes conventionally assigned to the founding and progress of the Republic. It is very interesting—and to most of us, probably, it gives a new view of our early history—to see how many of our most conspicuous patriots were primarily land-speculators, grabbers, boomers, or town-jobbers. The story of Washington's activities in the Ohio and Mississippi Companies, and (during his Presidency) in the Mohawk Valley and in the city of Washington's "real estate," occupies several pages, and is most striking. Other notable names are those of Washington's three Cabinet officers, Knox, Granger, and Pickering; Patrick Henry, the Masons, Byrds, Lees; Robert and Gouverneur Morris, Robert and Philip Livingston; Franklin, Silas Deane, Ethan Allen, Duane, Bingham, Duer, Jeremiah Wadsworth, Aaron Burr, even Samuel Adams. In fact about the only front-rank names that one does not find somewhere on the roster are those of Thomas Jefferson, Hamilton, John Adams, and Jay.

Professor Sakolski has organized his book remarkably well into a continuous narrative, reaching from the days of the early Colonial land-grants down to the land-boom in Florida fifteen years ago. He has managed to make his work interesting and readable without lowering its scholarly quality, showing a good editorial sense for documentation and for the management of material. The casual reader will cheat himself if he shies away from it, notwithstanding the subject may seem remote, and notwithstanding the general belief that anything written by an American college professor is bound to be dull and bad. Students of our political history will find Mr. Sakolski's book invaluable in connection with Mr. Beard's work on the genesis of our Constitution, as showing the immense force and extent of the belief (a very sound belief) that the value of land "must be greatly increased by an efficient Federal Government." Mr. Sakolski's book cannot be too strongly recommended for this purpose; in fact, one may say that a student of American history, politics, or economics who does not use it is not faithful to his calling. It should be prescribed for collateral reading in every college and university. It does not pretend to be exhaustive, which is perhaps all the better for a pioneer work. But while it leaves a great deal to be done in the same field, it is thoroughly sound as far as it goes, thoroughly judicial, well-informed, well-organized, and extremely interesting.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY STUDIES. By *Robert Shafer*. University of Cincinnati.

HUMAN ASPECTS OF UNEMPLOYMENT AND RELIEF. By *James W. Williams*. University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

A CENTENARY PORTFOLIO OF GOETHEANA. Yale University Library.

STUDIES ON SCIPIO AFRICANUS. By *Richard Mansfield Haywood*. Johns Hopkins Press. $1.

MYTHS AND CEREMONIES OF THE MANDAN AND HIDATOA. Poughkeepsie: Vassar College.

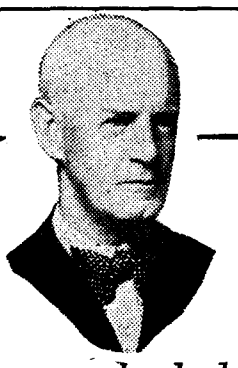
CHANGING HORIZONS. By *Geoffrey Johnson*. London: Daniel.

FIFTY YEARS RETROSPECT. By the *Royal Society of Canada*. Toronto: Ryerson Press. $2.

Brief Mention

Two more volumes of the writings of Lenin have been published in *Toward the Seizure of Power* (International Publishers, $3.50). These two volumes contain Lenin's writings from the first open conflict with the Kerensky Government to the successful uprising on November 7th which established the Soviet power. * * * What the Soviets have accomplished in Armenia is the subject of a little book by A. Y. Yeghemian (New York: The Woman's Press, $2). The book is called *The Red Flag at Ararat*. The author describes the present state of a miniature Soviet republic which she finds to be incomparably better than anything Armenia has known in the last centuries. * * * Described as an essay in surmise and called *The Future of East and West* (New York, Marion Saunders, $1.50), another little book by Sir Frederick Whyte, who has been recently lecturing here, discusses the battle ground in India, the revolution in China, and the future of East and West. Sir Frederick has had long Indian experience. * * * George Dangerfield, whose excellent reviews have often appeared in this magazine, has rewritten the story of the famous *Bengal Mutiny* in a book of that title (Harcourt, Brace, $2). * * * The Cambridge University Press (New York, $3.75) is publishing a new translation of Dante's *Paradiso* translated into English triple rhyme by Geoffrey L. Bickersteth. This book has an introduction but is free of the elaborate apparatus of scholarship which accompanies most editions and is intended definitely for the literary reader. * * * A contribution to ending the depression might be one way to describe John Terence McGovern's *Diogenes Discovers Us* (Dial, $3). In this book an imagined Diogenes questions the careers of a long series of contemporaries and near-contemporaries from Vanderbilt, Whitney, to Newton Baker, and Quentin Roosevelt. * * * Katharine Anthony's very readable biography of *Catherine the Great* will be remembered. She has now written a companion piece with Marie Antoinette as subject (Knopf, $3). * * * Coward-McCann has bound together three narratives of adventure, *Pearls, Arms and Hashish* by Monfried & Treat, *From Job to Job Around the World*, by Fletcher, and *Vagabonding at Fifty*, by Mitchell & Wilson, all of them published before, and sent them out with a foreword as *The Book of Vagabonds* ($2.50). * * * A curious book, the exact purpose of which is not quite evident, but which is at least excellently printed, is *A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers* by Glenway Wescott (Harrison of Paris). Mr. Westcott has taken the familiar material of the saints' legends and drawn for each day of the year from his sources a little narrative of the saint, sometimes naive, sometimes a bit cynical, sometimes charming, and often merely descriptive. Like all of Mr. Wescott's work these brief narratives are excellently written but it is questionable whether he has added anything more than style to his originals, especially since the need of brevity has usually permitted him to abstract only one human aspect of the story.

Boswell Papers. The 15th and 16th volumes of the sumptuous edition of the Boswell Papers in the collection of Ralph Heyward Isham edited by Frederick A. Pottle have just appeared. They contain extraordinarily interesting journals which record Boswell's unfortunate decision to practise at the London bar, with most interesting details of his daily life and experience and contacts with the men and women of the period. Also the items dealing with the publication of the Journal and the Tour to the Hebrides and much correspondence. It becomes clearer and clearer that when a selected edition of these Journals is prepared we shall have a book of first importance in English literature. Mr. Arnold Whitridge, who has been reviewing for *The Saturday Review* the volumes of the *Boswell Papers* as they have appeared, is abroad for the year, and a detailed discussion of these volumes will have to be delayed for a little while, perhaps to be joined with a commentary upon two more volumes which we understand are soon to appear.



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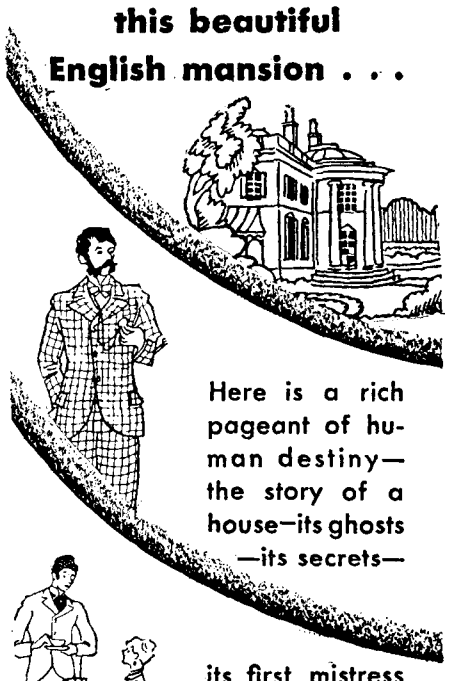

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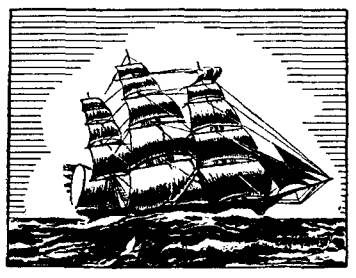

***"Admiral Albert L. Gleaves, U.S.N. (retired), and one of our five full admirals of war time, has read my copy of THE SEA WITCH. He told me this morning he considered it one of the four greatest sea stories of the last fifty years. (He and I edited the nautical side of Mutiny on the Bounty.) I put it one on my sea shelf in company with the great classics of the sea that I have read."**

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*A letter to the publishers from E. S. McCawley, ex-naval officer, now proprietor of McCawley's Book Store, Haverford, Pa.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

D. P., *North Carolina, asks for the address of Harriet Monroe's magazine* Poetry, *saying "for a long time I have been trying to learn the address of the publisher. Perhaps other readers would also appreciate information on the frequency of its appearance and its price."* *Poetry* announces in the current number, the fourth of its forty-first volume, that the fund necessary to keep this fine magazine afloat through the present periodical hurricane has reached a point enabling it to promise that it will continue at least through next September. The trouble has been, I think, that so many of us have taken it for granted that anything as good as *Poetry* would keep afloat by its own buoyancy. The magazine costs three dollars a year, twenty-five cents a copy, and is published monthly at 232 East Erie Street, Chicago; the January number has a group of twelve posthumous poems by Hart Crane and over in the back a beautiful review of Emily Dickinson's letters, by Marianne Moore, either of which would alone make it worth buying, not to speak of a spirited account of Ernest Walsh, the wild, unpredictable original of Kay Boyle's hero in "Year Before Last," by Miss Monroe herself.

A. B., *Columbus, O., is looking for material on Simon Girty.* In 1928 appeared "Simon Girty, the White Savage," a sympathetic and well-founded record by Thomas Boyd (Minton, Balch). This year the Aurand Press, Harrisburg, Pa., issued a reprint of "Simon Girty the Outlaw." Mr. Boyd's historical novel, "The Shadow of the Long Knives" (Scribner), is of this period. *P. B .E., Vermont,* asks for modern Spanish novels and short stories in translation. For the short stories there is a recent and important collection, "Great Spanish Short Stories," published here in English by Houghton Mifflin, a selection from the work of leading writers of the day. One woman is represented, the eminent Concha Espina: Unamuno, de Ayala, Valle-Inclan, Azorin, and others whose names are less familiar to us, are included, with brief biographical sketches. The same translator, Warre B. Wells, has lately given us Vicente Huidobro's modern novel of an eighteenth century subject, Cagliostro, in "Mirror of a Mage" (Houghton Mifflin). Unamuno's novel, "Mist" (Knopf), is for a reader who finds ideas exciting and philosophy alive. Unamuno always makes them so. *Two correspondents ask for pronunciation of proper names;* one is told that Cynara in the play is like Ernest Dowson's lady in the poem, where you have to say "I have been faithful to thee, *Sin*-a-rah! in my fashion," to make it come out even. And if anyone wants that poem of Dowson's he can find it in "Poetry of the Nineties," an anthology by Andrews and Percival (Harcourt, Brace), to be highly recommended to those who think of this decade as prosperous and prosaic. Let him see how many poems came out then and are still here, and that'll larn him. The other asks about Edith Olivier, and the title of Jenö Heltai's novel of Budapest, "Czardas" (Houghton Mifflin). The author of "Dwarf's Blood" and the recent "Mr. Chilvester's Daughters" (Viking), her best book so far, pronounces her name Ol-li-vi-er. "Czardas" is, as nearly as I can get it into letters, *char*-dosh. The violent and sudden crescendo and quickening of rhythm of the dance is emblematic of the movement of this remarkable Hungarian novel; the author is the foremost novelist in Hungary. This could be added to the list of borderland fiction lately given, for the hero is an aviator just out of a military hospital, haunted by figures left from his long delirium. P. B. E. says the inquirer for jolly novels should read Martin Armstrong's "Mr. Darby" (Harcourt, Brace), adding "What a man! And what a fine figure of a wife!"

B. M. S., *Quincy, Ill., needs books on the history of New York during the 1700's, preferably from 1700 to 1750, and concerned with social conditions of that time.* He is especially interested in procuring a map of the city in this century, and in research concerning the slaves of the period—articles such as that in the *New Yorker* by Herbert Asbury (August 23, 1930), concerning the "slave plot" of 1741, being especially welcome.

As most of such research must be conducted through books long out of print, I cannot use space in this column for the titles of books I have suggested to B. M. S by mail, but I shall be glad to forward to him further suggestions received from readers whose research has been along these lines. "The New York 'Negro Plot' of 1741," by Walter F. Prince, first published in the New Haven *Saturday Chronicle,* June 28-Aug. 23, 1902, was reprinted in East Orange in 1928; the "negro plot" of 1741 is the subject of one of the "Historical Records and Studies" of the U. S. Catholic Historical Society, vol. 20, 1931; it has a bibliography. Edwin Vernon's "Slavery in New York" (Putnam, 1898) is long out of print, but may be in historical collections.

A standard work of interest to this study is "New York as an Eighteenth Century Municipality," by G. W. Edwards, which covers 1731-1776; this is published separately by the Columbia University Press and also together with "New York as an Eighteenth Century Municipality Prior to 1731," by A. E. Peterson. "New York in the American Revolution," by W. C. Abbott (Scribner), is an authoritative work going from 1763 on. In this connection, and for the benefit of students working in this city, it should be noted that a "Guide to the Principal Sources for Early American History, 1600-1800, in the City of New York," by E. B. Greene and R. B. Morris, was published in 1929 by Columbia University; it is not a brief guide but a massive volume costing $7.50, invaluable for serious research.

"New York in the Confederation: an Economic Study," by Thomas C. Cochran, has just come from the University of Pennsylvania Press; it concerns the state, not the city; recognizing our revolution as not only a continental movement but also thirteen separate State revolutions, it analyzes this State's from the standpoint of its effect on the revolutionary movement as a whole. There is a large classified bibliography including source material and recent works.

M. C., *Waukesha, Wis.,* sends me "fo F. P. D. and his street-car books, 'The Tragedy of X,' by Barnaby Ross, pseud., published by Viking, which has a good deal of its action on street cars and a detailed account of a car barn," and *C. W., Albany, N. Y.,* not only advises this one, but says that Stuart Palmer's "Murder on Wheels," the second of the Hildegarde Withers cases (Brentano: 1932), has the Fifth Avenue bus setting and is excellent detecting. Also that the hero of Marie Conway Oemler's "Johnny Reb" (Century) is a Civil War veteran who runs the town's mule-drawn street car. The mention of detective stories set me off on that track to find "Murder En Route," by Brian Flynn (Macrae-Smith), one of the most satisfactory pieces of Scotland Yard method that I have read in a good while: the murder takes place on one of those new cross-country buses that scoot tempestuously through the narrow, twisting, hedge-hidden lanes of England, where the real mystery is that nobody seems ever to be killed by one. Come to think of it, "Murder on the Bus," by C. F. Gregg (Dial), was a mighty fine piece of sleuthing by my favorite Inspector Higgins, and that crime occurred on top of a London General Omnibus. I would like to think that this may have been because railways protested against the use of their compartments for so many fictional homicides.

M. D. adds to her letter that she was impelled to send it because "you feel about 'Never Ask the End' just as I do; we read it aloud and it reads beautifully and listens equally well. I am recommending it at the top of my voice. When I catch breath, I begin on 'Earth Horizon,' which I think every American should read."

"Though to many," says Humbert Wolfe in the London *Observer,* " 'Hail and Farewell' will always seem his high-water mark, George Moore did not himself think so, and for the very good reason that autobiography was necessarily less objective than the story of other souls than his own. . . . In his own view, the supreme illustration of his own doctrine was to be found either in 'The Brook Kerith' or 'Heloise and Abelard.' "

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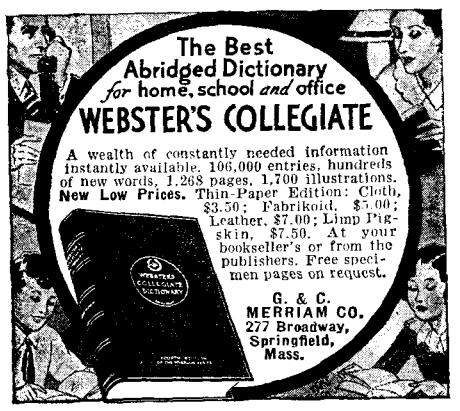
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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Quercus is heartily in sympathy with the attitude expressed by Ben Abramson (of the Argus Book Shop, Chicago) in a letter to the *Publishers' Circular*, a well-known journal of the British book trade. Mr. Abramson regrets attempts to create artificial values by arbitrary limitation of first editions, and makes an appeal for the genuine book-lovers whose intelligence and taste are both primary and ultimate influence in creating the desirability of any item. Mr. Abramson continues:—

> Artificial creation of values should not be encouraged, not only because it is bad sentiment, but because it is bad business. The bread-and-butter of the book business is the people who have a genuine feeling for the content of books, and these should be the first consideration of publishers and booksellers alike. The primary intention of book-publishing is to sell more, not fewer, books, and the dealer will best serve his own interests and those of publishers by encouraging occasional or haphazard book-buyers to become collectors; instead of helping to make the first edition business a complicated and esoteric science by appealing to the vanity and vagaries of the wrong kind of existing collectors.

⁂ ⁂

The Promotion Department adds with pleasure the following bookshops to the list of those outside New York who are using the SATURDAY REVIEW display-rack to exhibit the magazine together with some book prominently reviewed in each issue:—

Library of New Britain Institute, New Britain, Conn.; University of Chicago Bookshop, Chicago, Ill.; Wilderness Road Bookshop, Louisville, Ky.; The Book Shop, Harrisburg, Pa.; West Philadelphia Catholic Girls' High School, Philadelphia, Pa.; The Sather Gate Bookshop, Berkeley, Calif.

⁂ ⁂

Amy Beach (Mrs. Percy Beach), tells us that on Valentine's Day she opened the *Pamela Book Service for Children and Parents* in the Pamela Cunningham Dining Room at 100 West 59 Street, facing Central Park. Mrs. Beach's wide and sympathetic interest in books for children has been helpful to many customers; those who knew her at Brentano's and in the good old times of Percy Beach's enthusiastic bookshop in Indianapolis will wish her all fortune in this new venture.

⁂ ⁂

Vernon O. Clapp of Whitby, Ontario, tells us of a legend displayed on the wall of the Kipling Room in the Toronto Public Library: *"It is what you read when you don't have to that determines what you will be when you can't help it."*

⁂ ⁂

A dessert frequently approved by the Three Hours for Lunch Club is *Zabaglione*, which I find annotated in that remarkable cook-book called *Good Food*, by Ambrose Heath, lately published in London by Faber & Faber. Mr. Heath spells it *Zambaglione*, but over here it seems to appear on menus without the *m*. Mr. Heath says of it:—

> A sweet of which many of us read for the first time in a conciliatory scene in *The Constant Nymph*, a pleasant after-the-theatre concoction, Zambaglione, cousin to the French *Sabayon*.
>
> For eight people take six eggs, two glasses of Madeira or Marsala, nine ounces of castor sugar and the juice of a lemon. Whip the whites and put them with the rest of the ingredients into a thick saucepan. Cook this over a very slow heat—a methylated spirit stove is best—beating and stirring all the time. Do not let it boil, and do not stop stirring till it is really thick, when you and your adoring guests must eat it hot out of warmed glasses.
>
> In cooking formulae more than anywhere else the differences between the English and American languages are patent. *Castor sugar* is powdered sugar. *Methylated spirit* is wood alcohol.

⁂ ⁂

There seem, indeed, to be two distinct means by which a man of native genius may succeed in life. The one is by receiving a sound and complete education; the other by not getting any at all. It is likely that if Mark Twain had attended college and learned to rehearse the wisdom of other men and to repeat the standardized judgments of the past, he would have been badly damaged by the process. It is the crowning triumph of his life that Oxford in his old age should have awarded him its honorary degree of literature. But if he had ever earned and received its B.A., it would probably have knocked all the "Mark Twain" out of him.

—*Mark Twain*, by Stephen Leacock, in the series of "Appleton Biographies."

⁂ ⁂

The distinguished bookseller Gabriel Wells, whose occasional manifestoes on public questions are always vigorous and provocative of thought, said some good sense in his recent leaflet *If I Were Dictator*.

"My first act, as Dictator," said Mr. Wells, "would be to give the experts a long holiday. Meanwhile, I would make Common Sense respectable by surrounding myself with men from all stations of life who do their thinking in general human terms. The root trouble of the world is that human nature is held at a discount. And yet it is utterly vain to legislate for human beings with human nature left out."

⁂ ⁂

The book will not be published here for some months, so it is out of order to comment on Stefan Zweig's vivid, nay prodigious *Marie Antoinette*, which will cause a sure sensation and suggests that the French Revolution—and hence, perhaps, much of our modern world—was caused by an intimate misfortune of royal physiology. But Zweig's biography reminded me of something I have often speculated—it must be more than mere coincidence—that at Broadway and 66th to 67th Streets there are two elderly hotels adjoining one another, whose names are the Dauphin and the Marie Antoinette. How did that come about?

⁂ ⁂

Coming through Rahway on a P. R. R. train Old Quercus observed that Quinn & Boden, the justly esteemed printers, are still advertising *Invitation to the Waltz* on their big electric sign. An excellent story, but the book trade moves fast these days and Quinn & Boden have printed several other leaders since then. How about *Sherman*, by Lloyd Lewis—or even, if we durst mention a personal favorite, most unlikely to be blazoned by the roadside, *Log of the Sea*.

⁂ ⁂

Madeline Mayer, of Richmond, Va., points out an error in Christopher Morley's *Human Being*. Morley was writing of book-ends and said, "I think no American author has yet become one of those little bronze buffers."

"For fourteen years," says Miss Mayer, "we have had Whittier and Bryant—but they have never known they were book-ends. They think they are door-stops.

"I cannot imagine a factory or shop willing to be responsible for them."

⁂ ⁂

There was one specifically Trade compliment to Galsworthy which I have not seen mentioned among the tributes after his death. In the decade immediately after the War, when there was the remarkable spread of little connoisseuring bookshops, almost all these modern booksellers used his name as their price-code. It had the necessary arrangement of ten letters without duplicate, and no other author's name has ever been so widely used as a trade cipher.

⁂ ⁂

Speaking of the Personals column in this *Review*, one of the most modern methods of studying French is to attempt to elucidate the extraordinary system of thrifty abbreviations used in the Petites Annonces columns of French journals. In the lively paper *Candide*, for instance, we find:—

> 39 a. bel. hom. sérieux, sit. 60.000, h. coeur, affect. dés. épous. j. fem. veuve ou autre 30-35 a., sit. en rapp. gr. b. faite, élég. qual. de coeur, bon car. phys. agr. aimant voyages, sér. ayant appartement. Ne rép. qu'à let. dét. avec photos qui seront ret. Discr. d'hon.

To expand that in full would be a good problem for an examination paper in Advanced French.

"Some day Americans will wake up to the fact that they have a writer worth cherishing in Mr. Nathan," says John Chamberlain, in *The New York Times*.

One More Spring

Mr. Nathan's new novel is one of the delights of the spring season. $2.00

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Grover Cleveland

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"An excellent biography—the best of Cleveland, and by long odds, so far published. There is understanding in it, and discretion. It is long but not tedious, for it is very competently written."—*H. L. Mencken.* 4th printing. *832 pages, fully illustrated.* $5.00

By ALLAN NEVINS

DODD, MEAD & CO., 449 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

HELP—Young man, 25, author, translator, ex-bookdealer, desperately in need of job. With publisher, bookseller, magazine, any capacity anywhere. A. C.

LOST — Imagination a/c needing job! Woman M. S., college teacher, can help you write books, articles, jingles. Will tutor or act as companion. Anywhere. Likes Dickens, Kipling, Norman Thomas, buckwheat cakes and sausage, camping, blue velvet. Or send your plan for content on nothing-a-year in 1933. "Rhymster," c/o *Saturday Review*.

AM GETTING on (but not feeling it so much at that!), have a rambling "Ford" and an interest in reading and the theater. Any hope of finding a man of forty in the vicinity of San Francisco who would like to know both of us? Don't write, wire! Box 121.

BROOKLYNITE (36), alone, freethinking idealist influenced by cultural media of Classical Excellence only, seeking edifying companionship of likeminded, attractive, mentally mature young woman ("lady sans ultra-modern notions"). Write "TELMAH," c/o *Saturday Review*.

WOULD like to be married. Cannot cook but we could eat at mother's. "Unattached."

YOUNG writer, tired of superlatives after four years radio writing, wants work as companion, secretary, writer — *anything* without microphones. No relatives or funds. Peace of mind is object, not salary. Hurry, and receive eternal gratitude. Address: "Jack," *Saturday Review*.

EX-NEWSPAPERMAN, writing biography of ex-president, lacks capital. References. Box 122.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

IT was *Floyd Dell*, some years ago, who directed us to the work of *Rose Wilder Lane*, and now Longmans, Green tells us that her latest novel, "Let the Hurricane Roar," has drawn forth a collection of letters from readers "such as you've never seen since you used to take Peruna." These bonafide testimonials, in the form of unsolicited missives to the author, praise highly her story of the middle-west. And so all we modestly ask is that Longmans, Green give us a chance to read the book. We have never seen hide nor ha'r on it! . . .

Apparently *Oggie Nash* has been writing the rhymed advertising for Farrar & Rinehart that recently decorated a page of *The Publisher's Weekly*. The heading reads, "An A. B. C. of F & R, Set down in the absence of the founder by the Office Oaf." Well, half an oaf is better than well bred." . . .

Liveright tells us that *Bertrand Collins's* first recollections are of the Klondike gold rush. He remembers, at the age of six toddling down Second Street, Seattle, between wooden sidewalks, jammed with men in fur coats on sweltering August days. . . .

James Norman Hall (you'll find some good poems on books by him in the latest *Bookman*) and *Bernard Nordhoff*, his side-kicker, veteran fliers of the Lafayette Escadrille, have been made honorary chieftains in a Tahiti tribe. Sometime ago they both settled in Papeite and married native women. They are the authors, of course, of "The Mutiny of the Bounty," which has become a best-seller. . . .

The end of this month Covici, Friede publish a novel by which they set great store. It is anonymous and is called "This Bright Summer." The author, they say, is a practised and practicing novelist with two successful books to his credit, both written under pseudonyms. The present novel is published anonymously only for personal reasons which concern no one but the author. It deals with the people of a hill village in Vermont. . . .

Coward, McCann, Inc., has just purchased the publishing division of Brentano's. They are one of the youngest firms in the field, having been established in 1928, while the publishing division of Brentano's dates back to 1897. On the Brentano list appear the names of *George Moore, Margaret Sanger, David Loth, Eugene Brieux*, etc. The books of *George Bernard Shaw* are the only Brentano titles not included in the sale. They have been sold separately to Dodd, Mead & Co. . . .

Last fall *Leo Huberman* had his history of the United States published under the title of "We, the People." Now *Elmer Rice* has also gone to the Constitution of the United States for a title to his play that is running on Broadway, under the title of "We, the People." But Mr. Huber bears Mr. Rice no ill will. However, he and his wife went to see Mr. Rice's play, paying $4.40 for two seats. He suggests that, as a matter of reciprocity, Mr. Rice buy a copy of Mr. Huber's book, at $3.50. "One copy," he says, "will do for both you and your wife. Subtracting the government tax that leaves you fifty cents to the good!" . . .

The Huntington Press, publishers of fine books at 205 East 42nd Street, announce "The Western Pony" for February 15th, the first book dealing with the West by the celebrated painter of Western subjects, *William R. Leigh*. It is both written and illustrated by Mr. Leigh, and has a Foreword by *James L. Clark*, Vice-Director of the American Museum of Natural History. The illustrations include six reproductions in full color of paintings of ponies. These have been reproduced by the famous house of *Max Jaffé* of Vienna. The first edition is one thousand copies at ten dollars each, and each book is accompanied by a separate print, in full color, of one of Mr. Leigh's favorite studies, signed by the artist and sent ready for framing. We are the proud possessor of one, and can testify that it is a beautiful work and that we are going to have it framed. . . .

The Case, Lockwood & Brainard Company, printers and bookbinders since 1836, at 85 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Connecticut, announce the appointment to their staff of Miss *Priscilla Crane* as typographic designer, who will also handle certain special accounts. . . .

A course of sixteen lectures, "Culture and Capitalism," with discussions by the League of Professional Groups, began February fourteenth and will continue every Tuesday, 8:15-10:15 P. M., at Chaffard's, 232 Seventh Avenue. Admission to a single lecture fifty cents, to entire course, five dollars. Some of the lecturers will be, *Joseph Freeman, Michael Gold, Malcolm Cowley, James Rorty*, and so on. Some of the titles of lectures are "Culture and the Crisis," "The Novel," "Literary Criticism," "The Movies," "Architecture," "Painting," "Religion," and so on. . . .

Eleanor Alletta Chaffee sends us the following poem which we are glad to print:

NOTATION

Chain now the lean hound Love to any stake;
He will not hunt the hills these frosty days.
Let him lick clean his wounds, who would not take
The trampled path, the worn and foot-smooth ways.
Let him muse on his hurts the winter long:
Yet never hope that he will learn thereby
Any discretion save how to prolong
The stubborn strength that will not let him die.
His eyes are haunted, but you will not know
By what dim ghosts of vanishing delight
His heart is peopled, or what well-timed blow
Brought him to heel across the secret night;
Or whose the hand that fed him on such crust
That he sank fainting in the unsettled dust.

The Little Red School House which, under the guidance of Miss *Elizabeth Irwin*, was the only progressive school in the New York City Public School system, is now carrying on its work independently, at 196 Bleecker Street. It differs from other experimental schools in that it is exploring the possibilities of progressive education within the budgetary limits and other conditions of the public schools, and it may thus serve as a model for progressive communities throughout the land. It has arranged a series of talks for Wednesday evenings at 8:30 P.M. at the schoolhouse. The first one, which featured *Hendrik Van Loon* and *Thomas L. Stix*, former President of the Book League of America, was on February fifteenth. The next one, on March first, is to have *Elmer Rice* as speaker, introduced by *Joseph T. Shipley*, Dramatic Editor of *The New Leader*. On March 22nd, *John Erskine* will speak, with *Katherine Anthony* as chairman; on April fifth, *V. F. Calverton*, Chairman *Henry Hazlitt*. . . .

Story, the now celebrated short-story magazine edited by *Whit Burnett* and *Martha Foley*, writers and former foreign correspondents, will now be issued every two months from 20 East 57th Street, the address of The Modern Library. Support to its move from Palma, Majorca, was given the editors by three New Yorkers in the publishing business, *Bennet A. Cerf* and *Donald S. Klopfer* of *The Modern Library* and *Mr. Harry Scherman*, President of The Book-of-the-Month Club. The magazine will continue its career as an independent unit. *Story* was founded in Vienna on a mimeograph basis in March, 1931. The publishers who have helped bring *Story* to America wish to keep the magazine on a non-commercial basis. *Story* will be here, in the words of one of them, to make sure that, if a Chekhov or a de Maupassant should turn up in America, he will at least know he has a medium through which to reach the public. . . .

The talk about Technocracy seems interminable. *Rupert Hughes*, in *Liberty*, sees it as the Millenium; *Archibald MacLeish* finds something in it, with reservations; *Henry Hazlitt* finds nothing new. Books upon it are multiplying. And now Robert M. McBride & Company is exclaiming, "Read 'The Crowning of Technocracy'! Joule lay an Erg! Technocracy's Gift to the Booksellers. (And how they do crown it!)" This snappy vol. is by Professor *John Lardner* and *Dr. Thomas Sugrue*. They call it Scott's Emulsion in its purest form! You will never mistake a phlegmatic pretzel after this for an energy dollar! The oven is hot for this book on February 21st. THE PHŒNICIAN.

The Unknown Reviewers
review the
STORY OF THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN

So many readers are writing us such fine things about this novel that we just can't keep them hidden in our files—or enjoy them to ourselves. Here are a few we'd like to have you share:

From Wall Street

"HUMAN BEING is the first book in a long time that I never wanted to finish reading. I'd give anything to be able to read it again for the first time."—*Philip H. Diamond, Curb Exchange.*

From Misawaka, Indiana

"May I tell you that I have travelled much in the realms of Morleyan gold, but upon reading HUMAN BEING felt an irresistible urge to shout from the housetops as to my discovery. It was with a sense of loss that I laid the book aside."—*Ruth Bentenmiller.*

"Morley—the All-American"
From Seattle, Washington

"I submit the name of Christopher Morley as the real All-American of Literature. In my humble and laymanish opinion, he is the one man to whom future, alas, generations will point with pride." — *Don Victor, Seattle, Wash.*

From "a housewife, mother of three"

"HUMAN BEING is real. It says things I've always wanted to have said. They ring so true they hurt." —*Mrs. Roger W. Whitman, New Britain, Conn.*

"Another Minnie"

"Coincidentally, my name is Minnie, and I would be well satisfied if I had other qualities in common with her than that of nomenclature."—*Minnie Messinger, New York City.*

"I am not ashamed to tell you that I had tears in my eyes as I came to the end—not sad or bitter, but comfortable tears, like Hubbard's and Minnie's thought." — *Bruce Lamar Burch, Lieut-Colonel, Cavalry, Fort McPherson, Ga.*

And a Bookseller Recommends

"I think every bookseller in America should read HUMAN BEING for the good of his poor (or rich) soul." —*Miss Helen Fay, The Co-Operative Bookshop, Albany, N. Y.*

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